THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 314 — NUMBER 4070

JULY 8, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

'DOOMED TO EXTINCTION'

THE Constantinople correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* describes in the words of our caption the prospective fate of the Christian population in those portions of Western Asia that are controlled by the Turks. According to his information: —

At least three fourths of the one hundred and fifty thousand or so Greek inhabitants of the Pontus have been deported from their villages and given every encouragement to die on the road along which they have been driven like so many herds of cattle. The movement started in May of last year, when the majority of the male inhabitants of the villages near the Black Sea coast were sent to the interior, near Sivas and Harput, and set to working on the roads. The conditions of this labor were so appalling, — there was no shelter and little food provided, — that during the autumn and winter the men died in large numbers of exhaustion and disease, especially typhus.

Last November and December the authorities began the clearing-out of the women and children from these same villages, and the men from the coast cities of Samsun and Trebizond. In March of this year some 30,000 of these wretched beings — probably a shrunken minority of the number driven from their homes — left Sivas for Harput. Only 20,000 of the number arrived in Harput. . . .

These helpless and, for the most part, inoffensive people are driven from their homes with, at the most, only a few hours' notice, and are usually allowed to take with them only what necessaries they can carry on their backs. No sooner are they herded together on the road than the process of spoliation, ravishing, and murder begins. Their money is soon spent for food, or taken from them by the callous and brutal gendarmes who do the driving, or, later on, by the robber bands of Kurds, who hover about, ready to plunder, to kill the men, and to abduct the best-favored of the young women and children. Hunger soon forces them to exchange for food every bit of their personal property and every serviceable garment, until they become a crowd of naked, famished creatures, rendered expressionless and dumb by the depth of their misery, and completely at the mercy of the blazing sun or icy wind — an easy prey for the savage Kurd. The aged, infirm, and sick are left by the roadside to die, and the trail of their agony is marked by hundreds of unburied corpses. . . .

The general facts above noted, though accurate in themselves, tell only a very small part of the story. With the passage of time, the further details that come to light will without doubt substantiate the conclusion drawn — that the Greek minority is doomed to extinction.

On the other hand, the Greeks have treated the Turks who fell into their hands little better. Rosalind Toynbee, who accompanied an Ottoman Red Crescent expedition to territory evacu-

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ated by the Greek army and just occupied by the Turkish Nationalists, thus describes, in the *Near East*, the conditions the party found:—

Street upon street of deserted houses, broken windows, torn-off doors; streets knee-deep in broken things — fragments of china and glass, torn clothing, ripped-up mattresses, pages of books, photographs, overturned sewing-machines, hundreds and hundreds of broken carts; heads and limbs of animals lay everywhere among the rubbish; slaughtered pigs, at the street corners and in the Mosque; burned carcasses of cattle penned up in the fire, among the burned houses and shops. In the sea, along the shore, human corpses were floating; and everywhere the smell of putrefying flesh and burning, and clouds of great black flies.

Here and there among the gutted shops stood one with shutters down, undamaged and sealed; and on them in white chalk a great cross was drawn — a sign to the avenging angel to spare Christian property?

Up on the hill above the town were the graves of fifty-eight Turks belonging to one quarter of the town, who had been killed three days before and buried in heaps of five or ten among the scrub of the hillside. They took us up to see them, and began to dig the corpses up. The sun was setting by this time — a red, fiery sunset; and in the west, beside the sunset, glowed the steady angry glow of Karamursal town, the clouds of dark gray smoke drifting across the shining sunset light.

On the way down from the graves I found a half-burned kitten, standing stupefied among the ruins of the houses. The fur was all burned off; its nose and mouth were burned and its paws were burned so that it could not walk. A tiny ghastly thing, it stood in the road before us, too dazed to move away. I took it back with me, hoping that food and care might cure it; but a few days later it died, in spite of all I could do for it.

It seems an absurd and trifling thing to mention this kitten, when hundreds of human beings had lost their lives; but somehow it stands out in my memory as symbolic of much more — symbolic of the human beings also, of the hundreds and thousands of people suffering and being sacrificed all over Asia Minor to-day.

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INTERVIEWING WU PEI-FU

ERICH VON SALZMANN, the China correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung* and a former army officer, thus reports an interview with Wu Pei-fu shortly before the latter's campaign against Chang Tso-lin.

A scrupulously clean railway-train, where every traveler had a ticket and rode in his proper class, took me through a country that reminded me of Saxon Switzerland to the old imperial capital, Loyang. . . . Eyes sparkled when I inquired my way to the General. Everywhere was order, discipline, cleanliness. Men are kept busy, but they are well treated; even the humblest is admitted to his commander at any time. Rickshas were waiting at the railway-station. It was a two hours' trip across country.

I passed many beggars, and the roads were in poor repair. Someone said: 'The General will soon fix things; he has just started now.' I passed many soldiers — polite, contented-looking fellows. At last I came to the camp — clean, regular, with rows of shade trees planted everywhere. I passed three tidy sentry-posts, with brisk, snappy-looking men on guard.

At headquarters again everything is well ordered and neat. I see many books on the shelves, and blackboards evidently used in training courses. Friendliness and alertness everywhere. No barrack smells, no dirty corners.

The head of the Training Department receives me. We discuss things frankly Messengers are constantly coming and going. The General is now inspecting infantry. He has just left to inspect the artillery. He is conversing with the wireless men. 'Tell the Marshal that the German correspondent has arrived.' Five minutes later I am sitting in his office. He steps in — slim, soldierly, in spotless uniform. Tea and cigarettes are served.

'Well, how are things going in Germany?'

I tell my story.

'If you had captured Paris you would be

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the finest fellows in the world now. The nation that succeeds is always right.'

It is now my turn to ask questions.

'What do you think of Russia?'

'Too many parties; too much disorder.'

'What do you think about England, and the United States?'

'It looks as though England was drifting toward social disorder. America is smothered in money. She is inclined to imagine, without sufficient reason, that she has found the only path to salvation.'

'What do you think of Japan?'

Wu lights up with interest. He lifts his head and squares his shoulders in his soldier's jacket. 'Japan must give up her old methods. She is in greater danger than we are. Since the Empire was overthrown in China the people have been the masters. Foreigners must recognize this. No one can really do anything here that the people oppose; the people have their way now in the long run. The Japanese are discovering that in Shantung. But we must wait and see whether they really give up Tsingtau.'

I reply that I believe Japan is sincere. The General merely smiles.

General Wu Pei-fu did not at the time anticipate trouble with his northern rival. He said: 'The North is peaceful and strong; the South is stewing in unrest. Sun Yat-sen proposes to attack us. He cannot get beyond the Yangtze. I'll beat him at Chinkiang.'

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IRISH PREDICTIONS

'A TRAINED observer,' who has just returned to London from Ireland and whose detached attitude toward its problems has made him an accurate interpreter of its politics in the past, has given an extremely pessimistic view of the situation to the editor of the London *Outlook*. 'His gloom is based upon his belief that no truce or peace between the rival factions can be worth the paper it is written on, for the reason that the large proportion of the Republican gunmen are controlled by isolated leaders who will not recognize De Valera or Rory O'Connor, or any other chieftain.' His only hope for peace lies in the strong arm of Michael Collins. 'Collins is a fighter; his opponents know this and are afraid of him.' Mr. Griffiths is a resourceful man, 'but not a man of blood.' Accordingly his influence is negligible. However, Collins is energetically organizing his forces for the inevitable clash. 'Let there be really one good-sized outbreak in which Collins utterly routs his enemies, and I believe the Republican movement may break up, leaving only guerilla bands to be suppressed.'

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THE FRENCH PEASANT AS A RADICAL

TROTSKIĬ contributed an article to *L'Humanité*, the official organ of the French Communists, on April 29, which elicited some comment outside of the ranks of the faithful in that country. While commending the French Communist Party for devoting itself to agitation among the peasants, he believes that their conversion to Bolshevism on a large scale must be postponed until after the entire wage-earning class espouses the same creed.

> Peasants are realists and skeptics. They do not believe in words, particularly in France, where they have been so often deceived by them. The French peasant, whether on the farm or in the army barracks, will not enroll himself for serious fighting merely for the sake of fair words. He will take no risks until he is convinced that they are going to bring him positive results. . . .
>
> The peasant is a petty bourgeois who stands rather close to the proletariat, and who, under certain conditions, can be persuaded to join hands with the proletariat to undertake a revolution.

Trotskiĭ points out that the peasant's attitude toward pacifism is different from that of the industrial proletarian.

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The working classes of Europe find themselves face to face with Governments armed to the teeth and must meet force by force.

The isolated peasant will not go so far as that. He is simply opposed to militarism. He hates it. He is inclined to turn his back upon it. His attitude is: Give me peace; I have had enough of all your army talk. . . . It would be silly not to make such use as we can of this state of sentiment among these petty bourgeois and semi-proletarians, who are destined eventually to become our allies; but it would be criminal to cultivate the same state of mind in the true proletariat, especially in our own party.

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AGAIN THE AUSTRALIAN FARMER

IMMIGRATION and agriculture are ascendant political problems in Australasia. Mr. Hughes, the Commonwealth Prime Minister, recently said, in an address before the New Settlers' League, at Sydney, that millions of pounds sterling had been spent putting soldiers on the land, but he doubted if more men were actually on farms today than there would have been if the money had remained in the public treasury. At least, for every five men put on the land, three had come off.

An orchardist in Western Australia writes to the Melbourne *Stead's* that he had invested four thousand pounds in an orchard in that state, including a reservoir, a deep-irrigation system, and comfortable buildings. Prior to 1920, with the labor of himself and his two sons, he managed to secure a net return of from eighty to ninety pounds per annum from the property. Since then, he has hardly realized fifty pounds a year. Commenting upon this, the editor says that these farmers frequently work eighty hours a week against the city man's forty-four or forty-eight. Under arbitration laws city workers receive a minimum wage of four pounds a week, while the farmer is fortunate if his net income is a pound a week above his meagre living from the farm itself.

Up to February 28, two hundred and ninety-five soldier-settlers had forfeited their holdings in New Zealand, their action causing a direct loss to the Government of about four thousand pounds. These figures were considered very satisfactory by the Minister of Lands.

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THE SYRIAN LEGION

FRANCE has organized a Syrian Legion, in order to withdraw part of her regular troops from her mandate territories in Western Asia. While a number of French officers are retained, a military academy has been opened at Damascus for the education of natives. But, according to a contributor to *L'Opinion*, 'it will take years to inculcate in the Syrians military traditions, of which they had no conception before the French mandate.'

At present, the Syrian Legion numbers about eight thousand men; but it is proposed to increase this number. The pay is eight francs a day — decidedly more than is the pay of native troops in Algiers and elsewhere in Africa. There are two regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, and a few construction trains and engineering units. Following the English precedent in India, no natives are being trained for the artillery service. Additional infantry and cavalry regiments have been proposed, but their organization is postponed for the present, on account of the expense. The regular French forces in Syria have recently been reduced from seventy-five thousand to fifty thousand men. 'It seems inadvisable to increase the number of native troops to one fourth of the total. Neither their

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military value nor their loyalty is sufficiently to be depended on.'

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BALLIN AND GERMANY'S NAVAL POLICY

THE second volume of Germany's official naval history of the late war, covering events from September to November, 1914, has just appeared. One of its most significant documents is a letter by Albert Ballin, which has a bearing upon the controversy that raged in the Naval Staff during these months, for and against inviting a decisive battle with the British fleet. Admiral Tirpitz was in favor of aggressive action. A majority of the officers of the navy also favored that policy. However, a strong party favored a more prudent course, and they had an influential unofficial backer in Ballin, who still hoped for a speedy arrangement with England. On October 1, 1914, Ballin wrote to Tirpitz a letter in which he said: —

Drafting a successful peace treaty will be quite as difficult as winning the war itself. In my opinion, the war can be ended in six months with quite as satisfactory results as if we were to fight twelve months. . . . What we should aim to bring about is a regrouping of the Great Powers in the form of an alliance of Germany, England, and France. We can have that when we have thoroughly defeated France and Belgium. . . . The French *revanche* spirit we could stand for forty-four years . . . but an English *revanche* spirit would be an intolerable handicap for our future economic progress and for world-commerce. I have long been under the impression that the era of super-dreadnoughts is drawing to a close. . . . I am convinced that, if we once defeat France and Belgium, we shall find England's demands, in respect to naval superiority, very moderate. . . . I hope that you will not invite a naval action. . . . A fleet, in my opinion, has never been anything else, and cannot be anything else, than an indispensable reserve behind a thriving merchant marine.

A PENMAN'S TRADE-UNION

A COMMITTEE — presumably of Bolshevist writers and scholars — published in *Pravda*, the Moscow Bolshevist daily, of April 28, a letter addressed to 'all proletarian authors' of the Soviet Republic. In this letter, which speedily reveals its official and mandatory character, the signers call the attention of their comrades to the fact that the Revolution has drawn into their ranks many authors and poets hailing from the petty bourgeois and semi-proletarian classes. These men, while sincere revolutionists, are not thoroughly inculcated with class-conscious Communism, and fail to understand the duty of a proletarian author. The recent changes in economic policy in the Soviet State have encouraged 'a certain revival in bourgeois literature,' and several private publishing concerns have started up. Idealistic philosophy and religious mysticism, 'fraught with serious danger for a certain portion of our comrades,' have also reappeared. Articles from the pens of proletarian authors are not always worthy of exclusion from the *Index Expurgatorius*. They are 'not infrequently hostile toward the class-interests of the proletariat.' Consequently, the 'All-Russian Association of Proletarian Authors,' the official authors' trade-union of the Soviet Republic, is moved to break its silence and protest against intentional or unintentional lapses on the part of some of its members, which constitute a 'betrayal of the cause of the international proletariat.' With this in view, the Union has decided to enforce the following three rules: —

1. Members of the All-Russian Association of Proletarian Authors shall not be members of any other literary or artistic organizations, unions, or circles.

2. They shall unconditionally refrain

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from contributing to press organs which are alien to the proletarian-communistic ideology.

3. The simultaneous appearance, at literary or other performances, of proletarian authors, and authors and poets of groups hostile toward us, is admissible only for purposes of controversy with the latter.

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OUR AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN

WHILE it is recognized in England that Mr. Harvey has many enemies in this country, it is doubtful — judging solely by press comments — if we have had an ambassador in Great Britain for many years who is so popular with the nation to which he is accredited. Rather remarkably, he seems to enjoy the good opinion of parties that agree upon hardly any other subject in the world. The *Times* interprets his 'eloquent speeches' as paving the way toward new and startling Anglo-American developments. The *National Review*, which regards such developments with kindly cynicism, believes that 'events have combined with his own talent to make a conspicuous and popular figure of the present American Ambassador.' Between these extreme attitudes on Anglo-American relations, one could quote a great variety of comment, none hostile, and for the most part distinctly friendly.

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RUSSIAN PETROLEUM

THE petroleum question continues to engage the attention of the foreign press, although the gossip that centred around it during the Genoa Conference has already become ancient history. *L'Indépendance Belge* has published a series of articles reviewing the history of the Caucasus fields, since one of the Nobel brothers, visiting Baku in 1879 to purchase timber, became interested in the ore prospects of that region, and formed a Norwegian company, with a capital of fifteen million dollars, to develop them. From this mother company sprang a whole group of oil undertakings, which remained under the Nobel control, and at the outbreak of the war held property in this district valued at about forty million dollars. The Germans also were active promoters and developers of oil-wells in the same vicinity. The Belgians became interested there. French capitalists associated with the Rothschilds formed another important group. English companies have been interested in the field for some thirty years, and at the outbreak of the war probably had a larger capital invested there than any of their competitors, the total being in the neighborhood of one hundred million dollars. Our own Standard Oil Company is reported to have made an arrangement recently with the successors of the Nobel interests, by which it also has secured a foothold in the Russian field. In a word, the area at the head of the Caspian presents an interesting and suggestive picture of conflicting and interwoven political and financial interests operating in a foreign country — a picture that raises the query, whether the proposed reconstruction of all Russia will not be a fertile source of international discord during the years immediately ahead of us.

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THE recent income-tax returns of the United Kingdom show that only ninety-two individuals out of the forty-four million inhabitants possessed incomes of over one hundred thousand pounds a year, and less than five hundred had incomes of fifty thousand pounds a year. All together, there are less than six hundred effective millionaires — reckoned in pounds sterling.

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INTERNATIONAL POLITICS SOUTH OF ECUADOR

From *La Prensa, May* 5, 10
(Buenos Aires Anti-Administration Daily)

The only serious international problem now pending in South America south of Ecuador is the controversy between Peru and Bolivia on the one side and Chile on the other. The two former Governments are working in close agreement in their negotiations with the Chilean Foreign Office.

For forty years — ever since the conclusion of the Pacific War — extreme tension has existed between these countries, although the peace has not been broken. An open rupture has been prevented by the strong Chilean army stationed in the disputed territories.

This controversy has never ceased to be a live issue, and at times it has assumed an alarming character. This occurred, for instance, two years ago, when Chile mobilized ten or twelve thousand men and sent them north to reinforce her border garrisons.

Beyond question, both Chile and Peru, in studying the probable attitude of neighboring Powers — and especially that of Brazil, the Argentine, and the United States — have learned that all these nations insist upon a peaceable settlement; and that they would regret and regard as unjustifiable a war to decide the title to the territories in dispute.

Fortunately, prospects for a peaceable solution now seem more favorable. Chile, the stronger party, has relinquished for the time being her bellicose designs; and the conciliatory influence of the United States is making itself felt.

We have previously laid stress upon the point that the dispute between Chile and Peru and Bolivia must be localized on the Pacific coast. No political exigencies, or determining reasons of any other kind, exist that would involve Brazil and the Argentine in a controversy over territory lying beyond the Andes. Nor have we international differences west of those mountains sufficiently serious to produce a conflict.

Paraguay is gradually and painfully recovering from the fearful wounds inflicted upon her by her great war from 1865 to 1870. Her relations with the Argentine could not be more cordial, and we believe we express the real sentiment of the Argentine Republic in saying that our sole desire is to foster the well-being and prosperity of Paraguay. Furthermore, the economic and social ties between Paraguay and the Argentine are so numerous and so close, that the two countries are compelled to pursue a policy of mutual coöperation, consideration, and agreement.

Argentine diplomacy has repeatedly sought to encourage the trade of Paraguay with ourselves and with foreign lands by navigation and reciprocity treaties. However, leaving aside the natural advantages which cheap and expeditious communication by both water and rail give to the merchants and producers of both countries, we have not hitherto been able to offer Paraguay all the trade advantages that she was entitled to expect from us. Domestic politics and treasury needs have prevented our doing all that was hoped in that direction. But the movement toward closer relations continues to make progress, and we look forward

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to seeing something substantial accomplished by Congress along this line during the coming session.

Our relations with Uruguay are equally cordial, although her attitude toward us has not been as consistently friendly as it might be during the past few years. It is well known that since 1900 she has had an understanding with Brazil, in the form of an entente or an alliance, concluded by the political party that still controls her government. Alleged justification for this agreement was found in an imaginary and formidable threat of aggression on Argentina's part.

The men who asserted in the Uruguay Congress that this peril existed — and part of the Montevideo press supported their charge — made a pretentious effort to secure an understanding with England, the United States, and Brazil, for the defense of Uruguay against the hostile designs imputed to us.

These tactics split into two factions the Nationalist Party in Uruguay, which had always been friendly to this country. On the strength of this purely fictitious understanding with the three Powers mentioned, — for the latter never promised anything, — all parties in Uruguay were persuaded to support, or at least to tolerate, an ambitious military programme utterly out of proportion to the population and resources of the country, and quite uncalled for by her relations with her neighbors. Uruguay spends 18 per cent of her revenue on her army, or precisely the same proportion that Chile voted at the time when she had mobilized comparatively heavy forces, on account of the precarious situation along her northern frontier.

Why does Uruguay maintain these heavy forces? Why do her political leaders encourage a deep and half-disguised distrust of the Argentine Government, even though they flatter the vanity of some of our public men, and profess a cordiality designed to cover up the true situation? It is clear that Uruguay's heavy armament is associated with the extraordinary military preparation being made by Brazil. It is due to the agreement between the two countries, both of whom have a single objective — the Argentine Republic.

That policy is ungrounded and unjust. No hostility to Uruguay exists in our country. Our friendship for that nation is growing warmer, notwithstanding the equivocal attitude of some of her leaders. This friendship is not merely sentimental and platonic. More than one hundred and twenty thousand Argentine citizens were born in Uruguay. They have been attracted to this country by political sympathy and economic opportunity; they have taken root in our soil, they have reared families, and founded prosperous business enterprises. More than 20 per cent of our public employees were born in Uruguay, and these gentlemen occupy some of the most confidential and important posts in the government service. Their loyalty and industry do honor both to this country and to the country that gave them birth. Could we submit the question to a popular vote, we have no doubt that, disregarding party ties, they would cast their ballots unanimously against the policy of mutual suspicion and hostility that has begotten Uruguay's ambitious army programme, and the anticipation it suggests of future fratricidal strife between neighbors.

Let us do justice, however, to the preponderant common sense of Uruguay herself. We believe that public opinion there would express itself quite as definitely against this belligerent attitude, were it given an opportunity to do so.

No real grounds for a conflict between

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Uruguay and the Argentine exist; they have never existed. There is something utterly illogical in the jealousy and suspicion that induce our neighbor to watch us constantly with drawn sword. Let us hope that such a policy will eventually be repudiated by a spontaneous uprising of the voters of Uruguay, and that they will insist upon a policy of cordial and friendly coöperation with the Argentine, for the attainment and preservation of things in which we all are jointly interested — including the free navigation of the Rio de la Plata and all its branches, in the service of our common welfare and civilization.

Some years ago Brazil proposed a scheme for parceling out jurisdiction over the Rio de la Plata, which originated with Baron de Rio Branco. His plan was to divide the navigable waters into three sections: all the waters lying within three miles of the territory of Uruguay were to be under the control of that country; all lying within three miles of the territory of the Argentine Republic were to be within our jurisdiction; and the remainder were to constitute 'free sea,' subject to the control of all nations.

This 'diplomatic dream' was duly submitted to our authorities, and was ultimately reported upon by our Naval Department. The substance of this report was that we could not consider such a proposal or submit to it, unless forced to by military defeat. So the project was pigeon-holed. Uruguay did not venture to agitate it; Brazil maintained a judicious silence, and her common people hardly knew what had occurred.

Naturally it was difficult to pursue the matter further by diplomatic means. The author of the plan thought to strengthen Brazil's case by pushing forward military preparations and simultaneously constructing railways toward the frontiers of Uruguay and Argentina. The object of these railways was plainly military, for their traffic has never paid, and will not pay for a long time to come — until the population has increased and the natural resources of the country to which they run have been developed.

Even Brazil has finally recognized that this was a mistaken policy, from both a political and a strategic point of view. Foreign military advisers showed that it would take from six to eight months to transport an army of two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand men over the single-track railway from the centre of Brazil to the southern frontier.

This has caused a change in the plan of military operations against the Argentine. The new scheme is to construct railways of larger capacity toward the frontiers of Paraguay and our state of Corrientes, so as to enable Brazil to mobilize a powerful army in that region to occupy Paraguay, and to attack the Argentine through Uruguay. These measures have been discussed publicly as ordinary preparations for national defense; and the recent secret manœuvres were conducted with them in view.

But if Brazil's original policy has been modified radically since the death of Baron de Rio Branco, one of his ideas has been carried out. She is busily strengthening her armament, though in a less menacing guise. The illustrious statesman we have just mentioned had a most excellent opinion of his own country, and regarded the other South American republics with a certain condescension. The men who have succeeded him are more cautious and are trying to perfect their army machine in a less provocative way. Their plans have been defensive; they have cultivated coöperation with their neighbors and they have refrained from openly preparing new diplomatic arrange-

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ments vitally affecting our rights and interests.

Four years ago the great Brazilian poet and orator, Olavo Bilac, was commissioned to make a tour of the country to arouse the patriotic ardor of the people, and make them aware of the 'Argentine danger.' The result of this was an extraordinary growth of rifle-clubs, diminished opposition to military service, and a general stimulation of interest in the army and navy. According to official statements, eighty thousand citizens of Brazil are now receiving military instruction as members of civilian rifle-clubs subsidized by the Government.

Although Señor Bilac nominally traveled as a private citizen, his labors had an official character. High officers of the government were present to bid him farewell when he left Rio de Janeiro and to welcome him when he returned. Public committees applauded his work, and subscribed money for his expenses.

In this way our neighbor has built up the most powerful military organization in South America. Chile devoted 17 per cent of her revenue in 1917 and 1918 to her army and navy; the Argentine Republic devoted 7 per cent of her revenue to these objects. During 1919 and 1920 Chile increased her army and navy appropriation to 18 per cent of the government's income, and the Argentine Republic to 9 per cent. At present 18 per cent of the Uruguay budget consists of military appropriations. In other words, the leading Power of South America, when measured by economic strength, devotes but one half as much of her revenue to military preparation as do her immediate neighbors, and even less than that proportion as compared with the most disquieting of these neighbors.

By the decree of December 31, 1921, Brazil increased her standing army to 116,000 men. The army of Argentina numbers 27,168; that of Chile, 27,037; that of Uruguay, 12,865; that of Peru, 11,457; that of Bolivia, 7095. The combined armies of all the South American republics, except Brazil, number only 108,763 men.

We must allow for some exaggeration in the military statistics of Brazil, due to the imaginative temperament of a tropical and romantic nation. South American countries never have as many men under arms as are reported in the statistics.

We must bear in mind, also, that certain commercial interests in the neighboring republic support the present military propaganda there, because they make a direct profit out of army contracts; and these interests may have a special and private object in overstating the strength of the army. Nevertheless, after we have allowed for all these possible deductions, the forces of Brazil are much larger than those of other South American countries.

What we have written should not be interpreted as inspired by fear, jealousy, or suspicion of Brazil. Our attitude toward that country is cordial and friendly. We merely record certain facts.

An illustrious Italian statesman, De Nicola, who has repeatedly refused the premiership in Italy, recently wrote a notable article upon international armaments, in which he argues that South America differs radically from Europe, as constituting an ethnic and cultural unit capable of pursuing a policy of permanent peace. If this is true, why do we need big armies in South America? This illustrious Italian republican says: 'The nations of that continent seek closer union. The idea of more intimate association is steadily gaining ground, in spite of the apathy or open opposition of politicians and Governments. It is the duty of mankind to

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encourage this pacific tendency in every possible way.'

South America needs to clarify her diplomatic and military atmosphere. We are convinced that this is the desire of a majority of her people. South American solidarity must be made an actuality, not a mere appearance.

And if our logical policy is one of peace, collaboration, and mutual service, what motive is there for Brazil to urge Uruguay to strengthen her military forces, and to enter upon a course that has aroused the distrust, not only of the Argentine, but also of Chile? In truth, Brazil's leading newspapers have, almost without exception, endorsed the policy of 'unarmed peace' that we advocate.

One of them, speaking of the uneasiness that Brazil's military preparation might occasion in Argentina, says: 'Sufficient cause exists for the alarm aroused there by the effort of a neighboring republic to place herself upon an indisputably superior footing of military preparation.'

This journal adds that there is no ground for attributing to Brazil aggressive military designs and imperialist tendencies, and observes: 'The more reasonable explanation is that our habit of looking far ahead, and our tropical imagination, have caused us to exercise exaggerated prudence, and to embark upon a preparedness programme far more ambitious than our needs justify.'

Leading newspapers in Chile believe that Brazil's attitude will force the Argentine Republic to strengthen her military forces, and that Chile herself may become a party to this burdensome rivalry. Public sentiment in that country is hostile to such an outcome.

We have reason to believe that the Governments of Chile and Washington have discussed this grave crisis in South American political relations, and have agreed on the desirability of extending to our part of the world the guaranties and benefits of the Washington Disarmament Conference. Apparently the White House has given deep thought to this part of the programme of the next Pan-American Conference. Naturally the holding of such a conference, in March 1923, will depend upon the initiative of the United States. It is probable that the Washington Government, in agreement with Chile, has reached the conclusion that the time is ripe for this meeting, and that the principal item on its agenda should be 'unarmed peace.'

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A JAPANESE WRITER IN SIBERIA

BY K. TOMINAGA

[*The author is a correspondent of the Tokyo* Yomiuri Shimbun *and is now traveling in Russia. The journal he represents, in which this article first appeared, is the oldest daily paper in Japan, and is not socialist or radical in its sympathies.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, May* 18, 20
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

THE Trans-Siberian Railway is rapidly recovering and is almost as briskly operated now as before the Russian Revolution. In ten days it is possible to go from Vladivostok to Moscow, the heart of Red Russia. Despite her many handicaps, Russia has been able to repair the railway so that it can be used. The approaches to the large railway-bridges are protected by thick entanglements of wire to guard them from destruction by anti-Soviet forces.

Seated in the luxurious cars which once ran direct from Vladivostok to Berlin are now simple country farmers instead of the richly dressed occupants of other days. The passengers are Soviet representatives or committeemen on their way to Moscow, or merely ordinary persons traveling from place to place. Behold what airs they assume because of their importance as respectable citizens of the Soviet Republic! One is conscious of their awkwardness in the train, for they remind one of a stray dog put in a lady's bed. There are now no troublesome waiters and porters bowing and bowing in the hope of getting large tips from the passengers, nor is there now the heavy scent which the arrogant wealthy used to scatter about the cars as if to say: 'I have much of this world's goods.'

All is democracy in Siberia to-day. There is no first, second, or third class, and even the tickets sold to ordinary passengers bear the number of a specified seat. That is all. The destination is not printed, nor is the fare. If one goes by command of the Soviet he goes anywhere free of charge, and he is provided with necessary official certificates. Since the promulgation of the new economic policy last year, which permits the limited revival of commerce and trade, the number of business men as passengers has greatly increased. Every train is packed with them and their merchandise, but, strange to say, the passengers riding without pay are always comfortably seated, while those who are forced to purchase their tickets are often without seats. This is the country of Communism!

Former dining-cars are now used as traveling schools and are called 'educational propaganda trains.' On the outside of the car have been painted gay and impressive pictures, while the car itself is a library on a small scale and is open to the general public wherever it stops. In one room there sat a rich merchant and a fair lady, drinking and talking merrily, while near them farmers in shabby clothes and laborers with oily, smoke-stained faces were pondering over written pages with keen eyes, hungry for knowledge.

Another car was used especially for the teaching of agriculture. Still another contained instruction in hygienics, with useful illustrations, charts, and

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models on the walls. Even a hasty look through this car would be of more benefit than consulting a physician. The moment the car stops at small country stations, crowds throng around it, some of whom have ridden for miles to see it. Speeches are delivered and at intervals music is played. It is indeed a jolly scene.

But there is a still more impressive sight in Siberia. It is the nation-wide relief work for the sufferers in the Volga famine area. Trainloads of pale, emaciated men and women and half-dead children pour into Siberia in great numbers. When these poor suffering people arrive, there arises a storm of sympathy. Men seated at tables stop eating and take the rest of the bread left from their own scanty allowance to them. A woman takes off her single coat and puts it on the back of a poor mother. Relief committeemen rush about supplying food. Heaps of bread, casks of butter, cheese, and sausage are given to the hungry.

At night, when the moon is bright, sweet music may often be heard coming from the cars. Were they asked to play to comfort the poor sufferers from the famine district? No, no. It is all voluntary on the part of the people, an expression of their desire to do their utmost for their brethren in distress. The general allowance of bread is reduced by one third, but there are no complaints. I am certain that this spirit of social service is the most valuable fruit of Communism, and one that it would be well for us to bear in mind.

While the famine sufferers were flowing in from the West, great numbers of wounded soldiers were returning from the East. From the white-painted hospital-train seriously wounded soldiers were carried to the city hospital. There comes to my mind the picture of many wounded Japanese soldiers, and in my heart there is pain for the Russians. Why are they fighting against their will? Why do they commit brutal massacres? I fail to see sufficient reason, and yet battles are being fought night and day. Where is the demon who snatches honest young men to the fields of death?

Above the station I see the red flag that has been flying since the outbreak of the Revolution. The color is faded and the cloth is tattered, but in this we see the steady development of the Soviet administration. To look through the windows of the station is to see a sketch of the Communist life of Siberia to-day. There is a fat old gentleman in the station master's room. At the desk sits a young Soviet official, laboring hard at work which is new to him. His assignment is difficult, but still he cannot trust it to older and more experienced men of the former age. He is endeavoring to get through his work as quickly as possible.

The marble-topped tables in what were once the first- and second-class waiting-rooms have disappeared and wooden ones have taken their places. In the dining-room it is possible to obtain only a plate of potatoes or sausage. Two or three soldiers are sitting on one of the benches, chatting about the fat woman with the child sitting opposite them. They say, because the woman is so fat, she must have eaten all the food meant for her child, since the Soviet Government allows soldiers the best food and children the next best. They talk and laugh until their sides ache.

In the odor characteristic of Russians, which is like that of rotten leather and tobacco smoke, many men and women are packed together with piles of luggage. All of the hotels and inns are under the control of the Government and are not open to the general public, so they must find their lodging in the station, having to sleep there unless lucky enough to be granted permission to go to a hotel.

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In another room are propaganda posters and pictures of the heroes of the Soviet. There are also small libraries where daily papers and books are on file. Nearly every other day this room is used for concerts or plays. Most of the audience were too poor to go to the theatre before the Revolution. Let me give the gist of the play which I happened to see while there.

The scene is a telephone office under the Soviet régime. A pretty girl is busily informing headquarters of an attack being carried on by anti-Soviet troops. The enemy is nearing, and her friends come to urge her to escape, but she is not moved by the pleas of her cowardly friends. On the news of her sweetheart's death she almost swoons, but encourages herself and carries on her work. At last the enemy enters and makes her a prisoner. The commander is tempted by her irresistible beauty. His men rush in with the news that the Reds are coming back, victorious. He hits on a plan to cheat the Reds of their impending victory, and threatens the Communist girl operator with a pistol, telling her she must telephone headquarters a false message or be killed. Pretending to obey him, she rings up headquarters, but instead of giving her enemy's false message tells them the truth. A pistol shot rings out and the girl falls, dying. Her last words are: 'Communism will finally win.'

The curtain was lowered and the players came out among the audience with outstretched caps and cloaks, asking contributions for the Volga famine relief work. When the girl who played the part of the telephone operator reached us, Mr. Oba, my companion, dropped in 50,000 rubles, which is equal to one yen.

On the roof of the car shed a little pigeon had built its nest, as if symbolic of the coming of peace. Rails ran into the shed, and on them stood carriages and engines bearing Soviet inscriptions. To-night, instead of the clamor of hammer and saw usually to be heard in the shed, a fine concert was to be given. A large stage had been temporarily erected in the carpentry shop, before which had gathered crowds of soldiers and railway workers, all prepared for an evening of pleasure.

Presently the band and the vocalists came in. There were about one hundred men and women, all wearing blue coats and red neckties. Just before beginning the program, the leader of the band came forward and briefly told of the history of the band and of its aims. The members had started from Moscow, traveling from place to place to play for laborers, farmers, and soldiers. They helped the factory workers by day and comforted them with music by night. They had spent days working with miners underground and playing lovely tunes for them in leisure hours. Here and there a member had left the band to settle on a farm and spend the rest of his life as a shepherd, much to the delight of the toilers of that district. But the place of the departed one would soon be filled, for some submerged and unknown musical genius would soon be found and would join the band. The party was thus wandering into all parts of Russia, entertaining the tired people wherever it went.

On the conclusion of his speech the conductor turned around and signaled the players to begin. In a few minutes the whole audience was enraptured by the mysterious and charming flow of music, now beautiful, now plaintive, now thrilling and inspiring. On the conclusion of each number the conductor rose to deliver a speech of propaganda for Communism.

I have never heard such a powerful and replete concert. For the first time I understood the ardent love of the Russian for art. I have heard that the

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Soviet Government pays especial attention to the protection of art and artists, many actors and musicians being given exceptional treatment by the Government. Now I could understand the reason for it. These Russian musicians are fundamentally different from the professional players to be found in other countries, players who are willing to be the playthings of the wealthy. There is a wide gap between the personality of the two. The musicians of Russia are bravely pushing themselves into the life of Communism instead of shrinking from it. Their constant endeavor is to popularize their art. Their final aim is to combine labor, art, and Communism. Their services to the Soviet have been very effective, and I feel certain that the present Russian Government is thankful for these powerful supporters. It is wrong merely to call them players or musicians, for they are, in a true sense, the most ardent warriors of the social revolution.

We sped along our way to Moscow, finally reaching Irkutsk. As you know, every foreign traveler must undergo a health examination before being admitted into Soviet Russia. If he is from a region of epidemic he is certain to be detained here for a long time, living in barracks under unpleasant surveillance. The object is strange — it is an inspection of incoming travelers to see whether or not they are infected with the fever of anti-Sovietism. A strict watch is put on all foreigners and Russians alike attempting to cross the border. Too often had the officials been deceived by foreign journalists who, promising to aid the Soviet, attacked Red Russia through their writings as soon as they had left the country. In this queer quarantine office Mr. Oba was detained for two months. Soviet officials requested him to stay while they watched him and fed him. An instance which has led to this excessive caution is given.

A Japanese newspaper man who had been writing Soviet propaganda for distribution in Japan started from Russia for his native country, promising that he would begin the work of propaganda as soon as he reached there. Untrue to his pledge, he began to write a series of articles attacking the Soviet Government as soon as he landed in Japan.

Mr. Oba seemed very chagrined to be treated in the same manner as these liars. The swiftly approaching opening of the Third International, reports of which he intended to send to Japan, made him extremely impatient of the needless delay, but the corrupt behavior of the earlier Japanese correspondent had made the officials wary. His former friends, diplomats and military officers, were scattered and he did not know their whereabouts. What could he do? It might have been better if he had carried a letter from the Japan Socialist Federation, on the committee of which he had previously served, but this time he was without connection with the Federation, having come merely as the correspondent of the *Yomiuri* and the *Kaizo*.

He had brought a letter from I—— of Japan addressed to M——, but this was found too old-fashioned a method for these people of a new world. Since there was nothing else to do, Mr. Oba resolved to remain, saying, 'Test me.' He stayed patiently for exactly two months, or until the middle of July. At the expiration of that time an Irkutsk official came with a motor car for Mr. Oba, apologizing profusely and granting permission to proceed to Moscow. The manhood in Mr. Oba had at last won recognition!

We had as our companions on the train a French couple, a young man from the Argentine, and a Japanese named Kubota. Soviet soldiers each day brought us food, the day's allowance consisting of a pood or a pood and

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a half of Russian bread, with butter, sugar, coffee, salt fish, ox tongue, and tobacco. We had a number of visitors on the train, among them women spies of the Soviet Government who often mixed with us. Mr. Kubota is a typical Japanese in Siberia, and his story is interesting.

Mr. Kubota went to Russia ten years before the outbreak of the Revolution. He knows Siberia as well as do the Russians. He had many friends among the Communist leaders, and went with them to Chita when they withdrew to that city. I met him for the first time on the train, but found him to be a very good friend. While residing in Vladivostok, he had been a member of the committee of Japanese residents. He is well skilled in jujutsu and has been greatly feared by the Russians since the day he killed an insolent Russian by throwing him down. His is an exceedingly simple and chivalrous disposition, always taking the side of the weak and the suffering. He is proud of his fluent Russian, which he has learned entirely by ear. 'Prince Kan-in speaks very good Russian,' he would often say in such a manner as to give the impression that he had been the Prince's teacher. When we met him in Irkutsk he surprised Mr. Oba by asking him abruptly:

'What in the world is Communism, sir?'

LLOYD GEORGE AS A WAR LORD. II

BY GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MAURICE

From the *Westminster Gazette, May* 20, 27
(British Liberal Weekly)

The first effect of the 'sort of military revolution in the way of a more vigorous direction of the war,' which Mr. Lloyd George and his French colleagues had brought about in December 1916, was the escape of the Germans from their very difficult position on the Somme battle field — an escape for which Haig was freely blamed at the time. Joffre and Haig had agreed at Chantilly, in November 1916, to press the Germans on the Somme during the winter, and to be ready to resume the offensive on a large scale early in February 1917.

Unfortunately, Joffre said that the French army, owing to its heavy losses, would be able to take the chief part in only one more great battle, and that thereafter the burden must fall more and more upon the British army. He was quite right, as the events showed, but he was most unwise to give expression to his views. The consequence was that many French soldiers, who viewed with horror the idea of France standing, at the end of the war, in a secondary position to Great Britain, and wanted their army to play a greater part in the campaign of 1917, threw in their lot with the politicians who desired more complete civilian control, and together they brought about Joffre's downfall.

The essence of Nivelle's plan was

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that the French army should do more and the British army less than had been proposed by Joffre. He said to the British War Cabinet on January 14, 1917, 'In proposing this plan of action the French army, which had already made proportionately far larger sacrifices than any other of the Allied armies, again assumes the largest share.'

It was this, together with the promise that the then forthcoming battle should be short, sharp, and decisive, which commended Nivelle's plan to Mr. Lloyd George, despite Haig's expression of opinion that a decision could not be gained without prolonged and severe preliminary fighting. At this time Mr. Lloyd George's dominant idea was to spare the British army the losses of another Somme, but, as the experience of war shows, the attempt to save losses by finding a way round, or by shifting the burden to other shoulders, often results in greater losses. So it was in this case. To make the French army stronger in the battle, Nivelle required the British army to take over a longer front during the winter and early spring. This had the result of preventing the British army from maintaining the pressure on the Germans on the Somme battle field to the extent which had been agreed upon by Haig and Joffre, and of prolonging the necessary preparations. The campaign, which Joffre had hoped to begin early in February, actually began early in April — a fateful delay of two months.

This delay gave the Germans a respite they had not expected, and one of which they took the fullest advantage. The German retreat to the Hindenburg Line began on the British Front while the Calais Conference was actually in session, and was discovered and reported by General Gough. Nivelle, fully occupied with his own concerns, and not in a position to appreciate fully the importance of events on the British Front, did not believe in the retreat until the Germans had escaped, and then, though the data upon which his plan had been formed were no longer applicable, he obstinately adhered to his programme and failed disastrously.

But for the political intervention in the conduct of the war in France and Great Britain, at the end of 1916, there is every reason to believe that the Germans would have been made to suffer as severely during their retreat in the spring of 1917 as they suffered when retreating over the same ground in September 1918; the whole programme of the year's campaign would have been antedated by two months; the Germans would have been heavily punished before the untimely break in the weather of August 1917, which involved us in the muddy horror of Passchendaele; we should have left the Germans no leisure to prepare the attack upon Italy; we might have prevented the complete collapse of the Russian armies, which did not take place until July 1917; and the victory in 1917, which Kitchener had prophesied, might well have been realized. Such were the fatal consequences of Mr. Lloyd George's mistaken assumption that the situation, in December 1916, was dark and could be brightened only by his personal direction of our strategy.

The collapse of Nivelle's offensive had the most disastrous consequences in France. It was followed by a period of deep depression, both among the French public and in the army. A series of mutinies broke out on the front, which crippled the military power of France for many months; and Pétain, who had succeeded Nivelle, had to call upon Haig to keep the Germans occupied while he restored the morale of

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his troops. Soon after, the collapse of the Russian army became certain, while the unlimited U-boat warfare produced a crisis in our maritime communications.

The situation had indeed become dark, and was relieved only by America's entry into the war. It was clear that America's military aid would not be considerable until the summer of 1918, and that till then the Entente Powers would have to face a period of danger. In these circumstances the Allied Commanders-in-Chief and Chiefs-of-Staff agreed, in July 1917, that it was necessary to reduce all commitments in secondary theatres of war to a minimum, and to strengthen the Western Front as much as possible. We could play our part in this programme by relieving British troops in Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Salonika, by Indian troops, who, as experience had shown, could not be employed effectively on the Western Front, and by keeping our forces in France up to strength by means of drafts from home.

I will leave to a later article the question of the secondary theatres of war, but must now say a word on the question of man power, one of the prime concerns of the War Cabinet.

Mr. Lloyd George had come into power to give a more energetic impulse to the conduct of the war; and it was expected that he would at once proceed to develop to the fullest extent our military resources. The contrary proved to be the case. I have already pointed out that it took about six months for a measure affecting man power to produce rifles in the trenches in France. The Military Service Act of 1916 enabled our fighting strength in France to be brought to its highest point in June 1917, and from then it steadily declined. As early as November 1916, the General Staff had foreseen that this would be so, and Sir William Robertson had then asked for an extension of the age of military service.

Owing to the change of Government in the following December, nothing was done at the time, and the measures which Mr. Lloyd George took on becoming Prime Minister were wholly inadequate. As General Robertson states, in *From Private to Field-Marshal:* —

> The difficulty of providing drafts in 1917 can be understood when I say that, while we then had on the West Front a greater number of divisions than before, the fighting being prolonged and severe, we took into the Army only 820,000 men, as against 1,200,000 in the previous year.

And the greater part of these 820,000 men were provided by measures taken before Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister.

In the summer of 1917, when it had become obvious that it was necessary to provide more men for the danger period, the Army Council pressed the War Cabinet to extend the military age. Nothing effective was done until January 1918, when minor amendments to the Military Service Act of 1916 were introduced. These gave the army 100,000 'A' men, a number absurdly less than the Army Council had asked for; and not one of these men was trained in time to go into the trenches to meet the great German attack of March 1918. Sir Auckland Geddes, in introducing this measure, said that the Cabinet was satisfied that no extension of the age for military service was necessary.

On April 9, 1918, after the German attack had taken place, after it had become necessary to break up 25 per cent of the British battalions in France to provide drafts for the remainder, and after we had suffered enormous losses, which we need not have suffered had timely provision been made, the Prime

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Minister brought forward the proposals for increasing the age of service which Robertson had asked for in November 1916. Determined to run the war in his own way, Mr. Lloyd George was alternately quarreling with and disregarding his military advisers; and the result was that throughout 1917 he was too late. With strange prescience, he at the end of 1915 foretold the fatal error of his own conduct of the war: 'Too late in moving here! Too late in arriving there! Too late in coming to a decision! Too late in starting with enterprises! Too late in preparing! In this war the footsteps of the Allied forces have been dogged by the mocking spectre of Too Late!'

For a brief moment after the failure of Nivelle's attack, Mr. Lloyd George was in agreement with his soldiers. Haig and Robertson were clear that, if the Germans were given a respite, they would be free to crush the Russian armies which Kerensky was endeavoring to rally for an offensive, or to attack Italy; and early in May 1917, at a conference in Paris, the Prime Minister stoutly pressed the French to continue the fight on the Western Front. But very soon after this conference, the French army became incapable for a time of taking an equal share in the struggle, and Mr. Lloyd George again changed his mind. Fresh plans followed one upon the other. It is not my purpose to enlarge upon the evils which accompany the tendency to change from one plan to another, at bewilderingly short intervals and without sufficient military reason, beyond observing that it has an unsettling effect on the troops, and monopolizes much of the time of commanders and their staffs which ought to be given to other matters. At a guess I would say that in 1917 at least 20 per cent of the time of the General Staff at the War Office was occupied in explaining, either verbally or in writing, that the alternative projects put forward were either strategically unsound or were wholly impracticable.

The proposal to send troops to Italy, in order to crush Austria, reappeared, and a new plan for a landing at Alexandretta in rear of the Turkish army in Palestine was proposed. It is so easy to pick up a pin from a map, and to move it from one continent to another; it is so difficult to get a body of troops at the right time to the right place; and it is still more difficult to foresee what the enemy may do while the troops, who cannot fight when they are on the move, are getting to their places.

I have said that Mr. Lloyd George, full of courage when his blood was hot in a crisis, lacked 'one-o'clock-in-the-morning courage.' Full of imagination of a kind, he lacked that particular kind of imagination which is needed to guess what is happening or may happen 'on the other side of the hill.' Great on a small-scale map, which showed the world with the surface of a billiard ball, he examined large-scale maps, which displayed the features of the ground and those obstacles of terrain which mean so much to military movement, with equal interest both upside-down and right-way up. None of this would have mattered in the least, had he been satisfied to choose his expert and to rely upon that expert's advice in technical matters, but it was the very devil when he sought to be his own expert.

When all hope of wringing success from Nivelle's plans disappeared, Mr. Lloyd George's temporary devotion to the Western Front disappeared, too. It is notorious that he was bitterly opposed to Haig's campaign in Flanders, which culminated in the battle of Passchendaele. But the risks of leaving the Germans free to attack the

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French, while Pétain was in need of breathing-space in order to restore the fighting spirit of his army, were so obvious, that Mr. Lloyd George's plans for finding a way round either through Laibach or Constantinople were overruled. Evidently he felt that deeply, for in Paris on November 12, 1917, he said:—

> But when the military power of Russia collapsed in March, what took place? If Europe had been treated as one battle field you might have thought that, when it was clear that a great army which was operating on one flank could not come up in time, or even come into action at all, there would have been a change in strategy. Not in the least.

His plans had been thwarted, and he pointed with accusing finger to the consequences. 'Look at the horrible slaughter of Passchendaele. Look at the disaster on the Italian Front.' He was able to say to those who opposed him, 'If only my advice had been followed, and we had sent troops to fight in the mountains of Italy, instead of in the mud of Flanders.' The opportunities for rhetorical argument were unlimited, and the soldiers' 'Think what might have happened if we had weakened the Western Front at this time, when the French army is temporarily *hors de combat*,' was, in the face of apparent failure, an ineffective reply. So, early in November, Mr. Lloyd George saw his way clear to a further step toward obtaining control, and at the height of the crisis on the Italian Front, he rushed off to Rapallo, and there instituted the Supreme War Council.

It has been generally assumed that this Council was created in the teeth of bitter opposition from the soldiers. This is pure fiction. It had long been felt that some such body was needed for the better coördination of Allied policy and plans. I was the General Staff Officer referred to by Mr. Lloyd George as having assisted him in drafting the constitution of the Council, and I was able to do the work very quickly; for some such plan had been considered for months previously.

Said Mr. Lloyd George, speaking in the House on November 19:—

> It was proposed in July this year, at a meeting of the Commanders-in-Chief. I forget whether all were there, but the Chiefs-of-Staff were. At any rate, Sir William Robertson, General Pershing, General Cadorna, and General Foch were there. They recommended, as a means of dealing with the situation, the setting up of an Inter-Allied Council.

Why was the Council not set up before? The soldiers wanted it; the French Government was eager to have it. Because Mr. Lloyd George wanted a particular form of council; and not until Passchendaele had brought discredit on the soldiers' strategy and credit upon his strategical vision and foresight, was he able to get his way. He had found it hard to get his way when his strategy was opposed by Haig and Robertson; so he bethought him of an old political maxim. '*Divide et impera*,' said the Roman; and he wanted to rule. He therefore insisted that the British military representative on the Versailles Council should be entirely independent of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and should give his advice directly to the War Cabinet. With two advisers, Mr. Lloyd George did not need to make a large draft upon his skill, in order to play off one against the other, and so get his own way.

It seems clear that, in setting up the Council, the real object of Ministers was not so much to provide effective unity of military command, as to acquire for themselves a greater control over the military chiefs. That there was no intention of unifying the com-

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mand by the appointment of an Allied Commander-in-Chief seems equally evident, not only from the constitution of the Council itself, but also from the fact that a few days later the Prime Minister stated in the House of Commons that he was 'utterly opposed' to the appointment of a Generalissimo, as it 'would produce real friction and might create prejudice, not merely between the armies but between the nations and Government.'

The Versailles Council was an admirable institution, and it did excellent work. It systematized the business and methods of the frequent conferences of Allied Ministers, and provided a much-needed clearing house for the affairs of the Entente powers. It never was, and never could be, an effective means of exercising command over the Allied forces. That was a problem which, at the end of 1917, remained to be solved; and with Germany rapidly transferring troops from her Eastern to her Western Front it became increasingly urgent that it should be solved. The story of its solution I must leave to another article.

Tacked on to the constitution of the Versailles Council was the purely British condition which supplied the British Government with a new and independent adviser, and more particularly supplied Mr. Lloyd George with the bit for which he had long been seeking — the bit which, he hoped, would enable him to control the unruly soldiery, which would not accept his views on strategy at the value placed upon them by himself and his friends. There is much to be said for a dictatorship in time of war, provided that the dictator has the knowledge to direct both strategy and policy, or knows how to use his experts, and trusts them. There is nothing to be said for a system under which a prime minister and his experts seek to win a war by different methods. Circumstances prevented Mr. Lloyd George from working openly for his end. The prestige which Field-Marshal Haig enjoyed with the British public and army made this difficult, and he had to resort to the manœuvres of Calais and Rapallo.

But, as he gradually saw his way more clearly, Mr. Lloyd George took less and less pains to conceal his distrust of Haig and Robertson. 'You must either succor or sack,' said to him one of his colleagues, given to epigram and alliteration. He would not succor and he dared not sack; and with this dead weight of disagreement as to the higher direction of the war on his shoulders he drifted into the dangers of the spring of 1918.

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ECONOMIC ORGANIZATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY NIKOLAI BUCHARIN

[We publish the following article, which appeared prior to the Genoa Conference, as a Bolshevist contribution to the debate upon Russia's economic restoration, which plays such an important part in current diplomatic discussions.]

From *Die Rote Fahne, March* 8
(Berlin Official Communist Daily)

People usually call the economic system now evolving in Russia 'state capitalism.' Our economic relations, however, are so complex that they cannot be embraced in a single concept. The idea, state capitalism, moreover, does not have the same meaning in the literature of political economy that it has recently assumed in Russia. I propose to describe, therefore, the different economic forms that are now developing in our country.

Enterprises of the Proletarian Government. — These embrace the enterprises nationalized by the Proletarian Government. They are a state monopoly. However, they are not state capitalist monopolies, since, in case of the latter, the bourgeoisie, as controllers of the government, would be the true owners of the enterprise. In our case, the working classes are the owners of nationalized undertakings. Since forms of production are characterized by ownership, it is perfectly clear that we cannot designate enterprises belonging to a laboring man's government as state capitalist undertakings. On the other side, these enterprises are not Socialist units of production in the strict sense of the word; for a Socialist economy, it goes without saying, assumes a complete and harmonious system of production and distribution. In Russia, however, especially under the conditions amid which we are now working, a systematic and harmonious plan of production, accommodated to the consumptive demands of the country, is of minor significance. The circumstances that our undertakings copy the methods of capitalist enterprises, pay wages, and sell their products in the market, do not make them capitalist so far as ownership is concerned.

Mixed enterprises. — These include undertakings partly owned by the Proletarian Government and partly by private capitalists. In these so-called mixed enterprises part of the shares belong to the Government; the other part may belong to foreign or Russian owners. It is perfectly clear that such mixed enterprises are neither state industries nor purely capitalist industries. Both capitalists and the Workers' Government own stock in them. The Workers' Government receives part of the profits, the private investors receive the remainder. In the course of the future history of such undertakings, there will be a constant struggle between the Government and the private owners to control them. As the proletariat becomes more competent to administer industry, the importance of private ownership will decline. If we make no blunders, the Government will acquire a growing share in these undertakings, in the same way in which, in a capital-

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ist country, great banks and trusts control a vast number of smaller undertakings.

Concessions and leased enterprises. — As a rule, enterprises of this class belong to the Workers' Government. However, this is not necessarily the case, for the owners of concessions and leaseholders may import machinery, erect new buildings, and otherwise add to and extend their plants, and thus become owners of a part of them. However, in a majority of cases the new capital will be furnished by the Workers' Government. In this instance, also, the profits will be divided into two parts: the fluctuations of the class-struggle will be recorded in the relative shares of the Workers' Government and of the private investors in this profit.

Private enterprises regulated by the Proletarian Government. — These are private enterprises in the strict sense of the word — enterprises whose only owner is a capitalist or a group of capitalists. The growth of such enterprises will be regulated more or less by the national bank, the national credit system, the national currency, and by direct legislation of the Proletarian Government.

Small private shops and groups of such shops. —These include little economic units, small producers, mechanics' shops, and peasant industry, which are the subsoil from which private capital springs. These business units contain all the elements of the pre-capitalist period. This is particularly true of those in our Eastern border-territory. Naturally freedom of trade, assuming the presence of a relatively large number of small independent producers, will inevitably lead to an extension of capitalist production and the gradual formation of important groups of capitalists, which will be in a position to compete with purely state enterprises and enterprises of the mixed type mentioned above.

These are roughly all the forms of production at present existing in the territory of the Soviet Government.

I cannot leave the subject here without referring to a question of immense importance. Russia's whole economic structure, viewed as a unit, faces in the world-market great capitalist systems. This creates the following situation. Conditions in the world-market may cause part of the excess value created in Russia, that created by strictly government enterprises, to flow into the pockets of the foreign bourgeoisie. Payments that we have to make to foreign Governments, and the losses that we must incur, in consequence of the weakness of our whole social organization, when we deal with other countries, will take this form. Apparently, therefore, even enterprises that are exclusively in the hands of the working people will have to yield part of their profits to others. This situation, due to Russia's temporarily weak position in world-economy, is absolutely no proof that our government industry has a capitalist character. It merely proves that our processes of economic evolution are also steps forward in the class-struggle. In Russia, this battle has taken the form of competition for more liberal concessions and leases, of a struggle to increase production and to obtain a share of real control that private owners have in undertakings of the mixed type.

Abroad, however, this struggle manifests itself as a contest for advantageous commercial treaties, tariffs, loan conditions, and bargains between individual firms and state enterprises in Russia and private firms abroad.

However, the share the Workers' Government will take of the excess value produced by the industries of Soviet Russia is bound to grow. But

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in case we are defeated in the class-struggle, capitalists at home and abroad will reduce the share of the workingman to nothing.

The economic literature of Western Europe conceives state capitalism as the higher form of capitalism in the hands of a bourgeois government; as the most complete and powerful organization conceivable of the capitalistic classes.

Naturally our state capitalism is diametrically opposite to this. But naturally, too, the kind of state capitalism we have in Russia can easily be converted into the kind of state capitalism conceived under a bourgeois government in case the laboring classes lose power in Russia.. We are confident, however, that this will not occur.

If the proletariat wins in this long and arduous battle, the most capable groups of capitalists will have served during the period of incubation of the new economic system as capitalist experts and thus, against their will, they will have labored for the benefit of the working classes.

The great diversity of enterprises in the Soviet Republic is characteristic of our economic life at present and must be constantly kept in mind.

THE SINK OF MOROCCO

BY A SPANIARD

From *The Nation and the Athenæum*, *May* 20
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

Spain is traversing to-day a period of serious trouble; the ripening of a crisis begun long since, and growing daily more acute. Of all European countries none other is so near a revolution. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Spain has for some time lived in a state closely akin to revolution. By what other name can we call the suspension of constitutional guaranties, which has been in force for three years, and which once again the Government has confirmed? Do not the prisons, overflowing with prisoners who cannot be brought for trial owing to a lack of charges against them, signify such a state? In other words, those measures which might be justified in extraordinary cases have become the habitual methods of upholding a system of dictatorship.

The bad state of the Exchequer aggravates the generally unsatisfactory position. During the last few years, several Governments have in vain endeavored to construct a practicable budget. The abyss of our deficit continues to deepen. To bridge this abyss, and to save Spain from possible bankruptcy, a courageous reform of the entire system of taxation is needed. But this no Cabinet, whether Liberal or Conservative, will dare to do, for up till now all have been but the representatives of the wealthy classes, and have legislated exclusively in their interests. The venality and the inefficiency of the administration have

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made possible the most fantastic underwriting of capital.

Thus the poorer classes have been overwhelmed with taxes while the rich have been able to keep their incomes almost intact. Every attempt to tax the latter has failed: as, for instance, four years ago, when it was found impossible to get a centime of the many millions which came into Spain as war profits. In Spain more than in any other country to-day the politicians belong to the ranks of rich landowners, of capitalists, and of big business men. This disorganization of public finances plays a most important part in the growing economic and social discomfort in Spain. In its turn, it has its origin in another problem, the gravest of all those which the country has to face — the problem of Morocco.

So long as this problem remains unsolved, the regeneration of Spain and her internal development are altogether impossible. This is hardly a pleasant confession for any Spaniard; but it must be admitted that the Moroccan enterprise is, for the time being, far beyond the powers of Spain. The Spanish people need all their strength to reconstruct life inside the country; they dare not risk a single life or a single peseta in shady colonial adventures. With a population only half of what is needed for its territory, and with a country where the natural riches are practically untouched, it is madness to think of such adventures.

At the time of the Melilla disaster, the *Times* accused Spain of having pursued a military and not an administrative policy in Morocco, choosing rather to subdue the Kabyles than to open up roads and build railways. Very true, and the reproach was just; but would it not have been even better, first to lay roads and build railways in Spain itself? One glance at the map of roads and railways of Spain will suffice to answer the question. Why, then, did Spain accept the mandate for Morocco, and undertake to pacify this zone?

To begin with, at the Conference of Algeciras, Spain was the dupe of France and Germany. Poor Señor Garcia Prieto was no match for the other European diplomatists, and Spain was hopelessly 'done.' France carried off everything worth having, incidentally a zone twenty times larger than that assigned to Spain, to whom was given the Rif, a bone which, it was well known, Spain had not the teeth to break. In addition to this, the Spanish zone was rendered quite useless by driving into it the wedge of Tangier, which has been, and will continue to be, a source of perpetual difficulties and disasters.

But apart from these deceptions, the primary reason why Spain not only accepted, but sought, this participation in Morocco was a purely personal one. At the time, Imperialism was in its full glory. The Kaiser was the ideal of most so-called constitutional sovereigns, of whom many sought to emulate his brilliant example. Obviously, in these troublous times of Socialism and other disintegrating ideas, the best rampart of any régime was the army; and this body having to be humored at all costs, what more suitable than colonial adventures? A guerilla war with almost unarmed savages is not a dangerous enterprise. Moreover, it furnishes a pretext to maintain a large army (which can also be utilized during internal disorders), and keeps the officer class contented, providing them as it does with advancement and rewards.

Obviously the Spanish Monarchy did not resist the temptation; the whole weight of prerogative was thrown into the scales, and the campaign in Morocco was decided upon. That the principal aim in this war was to flatter

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the army, which is so faithful an adherent of the Monarchy, is proved by the fact that, of the enormous war budget which Spain has had to face lately, the greater part has gone to cover salaries, and only a small portion has been expended on armaments.

In 1915, during a session of Parliament, General Echagüe, then Minister of War, inquired, 'How can Members expect us to have an efficient army, when we have to-day four colonels more than Germany had at the moment when war was declared?' Unfortunately, experience has shown that this war, which was considered so unimportant, has now become one of the heaviest burdens Spain has ever known. Without reckoning the loss of life, which has risen to several tens of thousands, it is possible to judge of the economic burden carried by the country, when one remembers that the budget of the Ministry of War rose last year to 719,000,000 pesetas — only 100,000,000 less than France was spending at the moment when the European war broke out.

When one thinks of the recent disaster at Melilla, the whole business becomes an incomprehensible riddle. What is the cause of the continuous reverses and defeats of the Spanish army in Morocco? Has the Spanish soldier lost his fighting capacity? *No* — the Spaniard is as good a fighter as any other European soldier, and higher than many in soberness and patience. The immediate causes of these failures are to be found, primarily, in lack of necessary equipment and in the deficiency of military training, and, further, in the dishonesty of the military administration and the incompetence of the High Command.

Six years ago I remember, during one of my visits to Morocco, the story of a captain in the artillery, told in confidence, about the scandal of the Spanish Commissariat: machine guns bought in the United States by commissions of technical experts, which burst in the hands of the soldiers; shells which, on the contrary, would not explode; the complete absence of all sanitary conditions, and so forth.

But the chief decisive reason of this lack of efficiency in the Spanish army is the morale. Never has Spain waged so unpopular a war. The result is, very naturally, a feeble morale in the ranks. The Spanish people are against this war. The soldiers understand perfectly that there is no question of protecting any vital interests of the nation, and also that Spain has undertaken a ruinous enterprise, far beyond her strength.

The only advantage, and that a doubtful one, which can be gained by the domination of this territory is one by which a few capitalists and companies owning mines will profit. But the difference between what is lost and the little that can be gained is so great, that it is absurd to speak seriously of the economic advantages which may accrue to Spain from this campaign. Therefore, the Spanish soldier has nothing to stimulate him in this struggle. A victory over an almost savage enemy such as the Arab offers no glory and many risks. Moreover, the cause of a people courageously defending their land cannot be antipathetic to the Spanish soldier, with his deeply rooted instincts of independence. Another cause of demoralization is the lack of confidence in his leaders. The Spanish soldier has lost his faith. Finally, although not to blame for these defeats, the Spanish soldier sees himself humiliated in the eyes of his country, and feels the hostility of the people, who cannot but see that, while losing battles in Morocco, the army triumphs in its repression of strikers at home.

It is for these reasons that the con-

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viction has grown in the country that it is in the interest of Spain to abandon Morocco. For years past the intellectual minority, which has no voice in the government of the country, has maintained this view. During my last, and quite recent, visit to Spain, I was able to observe that this opinion has gained much ground, and has already penetrated to the masses. Even from officers in the army one often hears this view, which finally found its supreme expression in a speech in the Senate by Señor Primo de Rivera, military commandant of Madrid. Needless to say, Señor de Rivera was forced to resign immediately after.

It is interesting to note, also, in connection with this incident, that in the recent Parliamentary debates on Morocco, when numerous curious and scandalous details of military and administrative life were exposed, the greatest activity was shown in the matter, not by representatives of the extreme Left, but by eminent men of the Right, by former ministers, both Liberal and Conservative, and leading generals. It is these men who were most anxious to expose the labyrinth of action in Morocco: that continual conflict and mutual thwarting between the High Commissioner and the generals under his orders, and the Minister of War, which is the result of the incessant intervention of a certain highly placed personage. It is unnecessary to add that all these debates ended without having succeeded in laying the blame at the door where it belonged.

Sooner or later, Morocco will have to be evacuated. It is better, then, to do this before the situation has become quite hopeless, before the morale of the Spanish people has suffered more, and before the financial machine is completely wrecked. There is an international body to which Spain can appeal without in any way suffering in her dignity, that is, the League of Nations. The Spanish Government could lay the case before the tribunal at Geneva, could denounce the Treaty of Madrid, and demand a revision of the Conference of Algeciras, renouncing her own mandate at the same time. If it is a question of retaining a foothold on the other side of the Straits, then her ancient possessions of Ceuta, Melilla, and Alhucemas should suffice. After that, as the *Times* suggests, anyone who wishes can pacify the Rif, open up the roads, and build railways. Let the English, Americans, French, or Germans take over this zone — any country which has the necessary surplus force. But most probably, so long as the present régime lasts, Morocco will not be abandoned, and none of those reforms of the system of taxation, which might save the economic situation of Spain, will be undertaken. The present state of chaos will continue for some time yet, but not for very long.

No superficial spectator can possibly realize how very near Spain is to a social upheaval. It is curious how the present state of Spain resembles the last years of Russia under the Tsar — the same corruption and the same frenzy of power among the ruling classes, and the same ferment among the masses. Without any political activity, quite outside the pale of official life, the Spanish people, manual worker as well as brain worker, are evolving a new psychology and new ideals for themselves, the force of which will, at no distant date, become apparent to the world.

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CURIOSITIES OF A PRESIDENTIAL PILGRIMAGE

BY NOMENCLATOR

[Italy and, above all, the Giolittists look askance upon French ambitions in Africa. This article, by the Paris correspondent of La Stampa, *should be discounted to that extent. Nevertheless, it affords an interesting résumé of boulevard and café gossip in the French capital.]*

From *La Stampa, May* 16
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

Now that Millerand is back home and his African 'raid' has become history, it may be amusing to record for those who come after us some of the thousand anecdotes, tendential and otherwise, that have tickled the ears of Paris during the past month. An embarrassment of riches is our only difficulty.

The first ripples of gossip were started by a kind of Manual, containing a hundred pages or more, that the Presidential Palace distributed to the members of the expedition at the moment of departure. It contained a complete programme of the trip, worked out in the minutest detail, with every date and locality noted carefully, together with a sort of compendium of good form attached. This presidential order of the day, or, better said, order of forty days, was a model of foresight. None the less, it set Paris in a paroxysm of laughter. It recalled too vividly an exploit of Tartarin de Tarascon. And the thought of Tartarin traveling as a government dignitary multiplied the laughter.

It is necessary [said the Manual] to observe carefully the rules of hygiene, because gastric disorders are very common in North Africa, and are due usually to uncircumspect eating. It is particularly important to keep one's face clean and to wash one's mouth and hands, especially before going to table. Also, one should drink no water except bottled or mineral waters, and carefully refrain from eating fruits or raw vegetables. Strict regard should be paid to personal cleanliness, as many serious disorders are due to parasitic vermin that abound in certain African villages. It is advisable to be vaccinated before leaving.

Exhaustive as the Manual was, however, a serious omission was discovered at the last moment. It specified occasions where a silk hat and dress coat would be *en règle*, but failed to mention smoking-jackets. How was it to be managed that the members of the party should always have clean linen, or even linen not sadly soiled, during a hasty trip of forty days, when none of them was permitted to take with him more than two parcels of hand luggage? That raised at once the delicate question of laundry work. But here, according to boulevard chroniclers, Mme. Millerand took a hand, and arranged an ingenious system of distribution, by virtue of which the laundry of the members of the expedition would be delivered by automobile from Casablanca to Algiers, from Algiers to Tunis, and from Tunis to Marseilles, — the latter naturally not by automobile, — and would await, white and spotless, the arrival of its owners in every city. In practice the scheme worked marvelously. Unhappily, however, it was just the thing to provoke sarcastic comment from the Parisians, happening, as it

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did, when the scandal of the Industrial Bank of China suggested that some of the gentlemen in question might have unusually large quantities of dirty linen that needed washing.

Another topic in which the public interested itself extremely was seasickness. The wireless messages received at the Eiffel Tower on the day the party was to sail reported rough weather. They also contained the reassuring news that a whole pharmacist shop of specifics against this malady had been installed on board the Edgard-Quinet, for the use of unseasoned passengers. It was a theme to delight the *boulevardiers*. Reports reached Paris to the effect that the countenances of several famous members of Parliament, when they disembarked, were calculated to inspire profound pity. Some asserted that the most distressing case was that of Le Trocquer, in spite of his Breton birth. Others accorded the palm of martyrdom to Minister Bérard of the Navy, who boarded the vessel with the air of an old salt, slapping the sailors on the back and addressing the underofficers with a familiar *tu*. Hardly had they left the wharf, however, when he threw up the sponge, — and several other things, — and even grovelingly implored the captain to stop somewhere and let him get ashore and go back to Paris.

President Millerand put his foot down sternly at this sign of insubordination, as he did at any other attempt to change the programme he had prepared. At Bordeaux, he peremptorily squelched a suggestion that they delay their departure an hour, saying that the schedule in the Manual must be followed or the whole itinerary would be thrown into hopeless confusion. But Millerand could take things calmly. He has crossed the Mediterranean several times, and does not get seasick.

The rough weather prevented the President from working quietly in his private cabin as he had planned, and even interrupted his game of dominoes with the ship's officers. However, he would not permit the captain to slow down. The ship maintained full speed ahead, at seventeen knots an hour, and reached Casablanca precisely on the dot. Unhappily, when they arrived, it was discovered that in Morocco the time changed an hour, and everybody had to set back his watch. That permitted some of the more disconsolate to snatch a moment of well-earned repose.

So we reach Africa. But Africa yielded more material than ever for the wits of the boulevard. First of all, we heard of the disappointing impression that the rather commonplace official cortège produced upon the natives. The Moors and the Arabs are accustomed to associate high office with brilliant uniforms and impressive pomp. The black coats and straw hats of the Paris dignitaries did n't appeal strongly to their imagination. Millerand, particularly, met them with a cordial, democratic air that he has acquired during political campaigns at home. He is not a particularly decorative man, even in a white hemlet and havelock. The Moors would have vastly preferred someone more gayly attired and more princely in his bearing.

We are told, for example, that, a few minutes after the party had disembarked at Casablanca, the Sultan, escorted by his own Black guard, stationed himself at the exit of the wharf under a pavilion erected for the occasion. He knew that the President was accompanied by two members of his Cabinet. How would he be able to identify him? In order to avoid a blunder, Mulai Hafid tried to learn what Millerand wore when he disembarked.

'He'll wear a dress coat, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor,' a high official told him.

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'And what sort of covering will he have on his head?'

'A silk hat.'

'With a handsome feather?'

'No, it is not customary for us to wear feathers.' And lest the Sultan might feel his respect for the head of the government lowered by this exhibition of simplicity, the official added: 'The President follows the same custom as Your Majesty. He wears the same kind of clothing as his subjects.'

The Sultan nodded his approval, but added with a grimace of satisfaction: 'Anyhow, I've got an umbrella.'

None the less, the reception at Casablanca was worthy of the occasion. Marshal Lyautey, disregarding expense, even ordered a house that interfered with a particularly fine view over the ocean to be torn down. Thirty de luxe railway cars were brought especially from France for the trip, and special cranes were erected to land them. The railway yards were enlarged for the emergency. When the President suddenly decided to visit the estate of the millionaire Senator, Deroux, not far from Algiers, two hundred laborers were set to work in all haste to repair the highway. Naturally the Senator did not pay this bill. Automobiles were provided in the most lavish abundance to ensure the prompt progress of the party through a country where means of communication are still in their infancy. Provision was made for every possible contingency.

On Good Friday, the President dined with General Aubert, the Division Commander at Taza. The General, not quite aware of the proprieties of the occasion, had arranged that the courses should consist largely of meat. This scandalized the native members of the party, who have very precise ideas as to how believers in any religion should observe the fast days of their church. What was to be done? An automobile was dispatched immediately for a couple of hundredweight of fish and a crate of eggs, and the General's cook triumphantly improvised the following menu: —

Élysée Cream Soup
Salmon Mayonnaise
Stuffed Eggs *à la* Florentina
Paris Dumplings
Parsley Potatoes
Fresh Salad
Demi-tasse

The native dignitaries naturally emulated the local French authorities in their attentions to the party. El Glaui, the Sultan's vizier at Morocco, presented Millerand with a magnificent carpet woven by his own sisters. At Biskra, the daughters of five of the great Moorish nobles revived an ancient observance, and gave the President, on an immense server, a magnificently bound volume covered with flowers. Millerand supposed it was the Koran. He learned later that it was really a copy of a local business directory. At another banquet, in the home of the Khedive, Ben Gassa, a beautiful girl sang verses in praise of the 'Sultan of the French': 'My great and noble friend, oh, turn your benignant eyes upon me! May Allah be my protector!' At a reception given by El Glaui, the orchestra chanted a more philosophical theme: —

Man is never satisfied!
At first he walked;
Then he rode horseback to go faster;
But that was not enough: he invented the automobile;
Still dissatisfied: he built the airplane.
But he is not contented yet;
He never will be.

A Taureg chief was so enthusiastically loyal that he made a journey on camel's back of three thousand kilometres — more probably three hundred — to pay his respects to the President. I should remark here, that these children of the desert pay little re-

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gard to distances. El Glaui has snow brought him daily from a mountain peak fifty miles away from his palace. But some of the native rulers raised a question of etiquette, and insisted that they could not lower their dignity to make journeys to meet another ruler, whom they refused to recognize as their superior. In order to spare the susceptibilities of these dignitaries, the manager of the party adopted an ingenious expedient. He caused a pavilion to be erected for their use on the route which Millerand was to take, thus enabling them to welcome him practically without leaving home.

Private accounts are to the effect that the people of Algiers and Tunis gave the expedition a chilly reception. At Algiers, for instance, there was not a single echo of applause during the formal progress of the party from the railway station to the government buildings. Official receptions were prepared beforehand, down to the minutest detail, by General Lyautey, with a care and regard for theatrical effect that recall the stories of how Patiomkin had villages of cardboard erected along the route when Empress Catherine of Russia made a royal progress. Still, many local societies and corporations contributed liberally for the occasion. Algiers and Tunis appropriated a million and a half francs for the entertainment of their distinguished visitors, although the public finances are in a far from rosy situation. The Jews held a solemn ceremony in honor of the occasion in their synagogue at Algiers. When the party arrived at Casablanca, the Freemasons gave the members a private reception at their lodge rooms. In Tunis the resident general, who is a gentleman famous for his love of doing things in a large way, provided a banquet, every item of which was brought directly from Marseilles.

As a tourist exploit, the thing went off to perfection. At Morocco one night, the chief of cabinet in the Ministry of Public Instruction was so imprudent as to set outside the door of his room, not only the luggage that was to be dispatched with the first truck in the morning, but also his boots to be polished. The boots went away with the luggage and the eminent official had to continue his journey in his bath slippers. No matter! When he reached Rabat, his boots were waiting for him, shining like mirrors, just outside the door of the room assigned him.

At one point on the journey, a member of Parliament, who was leaning out of a window of the train, had his cap blown off. When the party were at the next stopping-place, the cap arrived before the train left, bearing a big tag reading: 'Dropped from the Presidential train, at kilometre 72.'

The President's servants also lost their top hats, but were less fortunate than their distinguished traveling companions, for no one brought them back. As a result, they were obliged to appear in ordinary steamer caps when they attended the President during his formal entry at Oran.

Apropos of headgear, it is said that Simon, former Colonial Minister, who is now a big manufacturer of fezzes, was so unfavorably impressed with the President's helmet, that he tendered the latter a beautiful product of his factory upon his arrival at Tunis. On the other hand, the President's fellow voyagers conceived such an admiration for Millerand's white helmet, that, as soon as they reached Morocco, all were determined to have one like it. The proprietor of a hat shop in that city ransacked his premises and finally secured enough for all the party. It turned out, however, that for helmets of precisely the same quality and make, he charged cabinet ministers twenty-six francs, senators and deputies

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twenty-two francs, special commissioners sixteen francs, and all the others ten francs. The good man thought the occasion required him to fix his prices according to the respective rank of his customers.

But this does not exhaust the helmet stories of the journey. I am told on good authority that the squadron of native spahis, who served as a bodyguard, was the innocent occasion of an amusing blunder on account of them. These helmets are rather heavy and awkward, and constantly slip back over the neck. The cavalrymen have a habit of bending forward and giving a quick nod to get them back in place. M. Cheron, the Minister of Agriculture, mistook this gesture for a salute, and during the whole trip, he invariably replied to it with a similar motion.

So Paris has laughed itself tired over this trip; but at heart no one approved it. In the first place, the expedition cost forty million francs, for which the Government could have found better use just now. In the second place, the absence of the President, precisely at the time that the Genoa Conference was in session, looked like an ostentatious effort to belittle that event. Also, Millerand had many documents sent him by airplane for signature. But several important items of business were transacted by employing blank paper, which he signed before leaving Paris. Frenchmen do not like that informal way of doing things. Defenders say the purpose of the trip was to help the campaign for subscriptions to the next national loan. Others criticized the President severely, claiming that he used the occasion like a Cook tourist, mainly to see the famous Gardens of Morocco, the Black Village of Batna, a few wonderful mountain views, the cedar forests of Atlas, the *danse du ventre* at Biskra, the oasis of Gabes, and so on, instead of devoting his attention to the life and customs and the economic and political problems of the colonies.

All are agreed that the flood of photographs and films picturing the voyage are in bad taste. A few exceptionally unfortunate ideas marred these enterprises, such, for example, as inducing eight Corsican bandits to pose as prisoners in the hands of the President, to commemorate his landing on that island. In fact, there was much to suggest a moving-picture expedition in the whole excursion.

But Frenchmen are always critical. They might be reassured that the trip amounted to something at least, by recalling the big naval review at Toulon, held in its honor, during the very midst of the Genoa Conference.

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THE KASBAH OF ALGIERS

BY ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON

[*M. Chevrillon, who was recently one of the French Academy's two delegates to the United States on the occasion of the Molière Tercentenary, is a distinguished figure in the intellectual life of France. He is a nephew of the famous critic, Taine, and English literature has been one of the main interests of his life. M. Chevrillon is also a famous traveler, and numerous books of travel from his pen bear witness to keen powers of observation and high literary ability. One of the most recent of his books was* Marrakech dans les Palmes, *which appeared in* 1919, *and described the old capital of Morocco.*]

From *L'Illustration, April* 22
(ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

IN former times I had gone through Algiers without stopping, seeing nothing but boulevards, docks, trolley cars, and stores — a European city on the shore of the Mediterranean, another Marseilles, situated a little farther to the south and in an even milder climate, wrapped about with folds of verdure, but without the pale yet sublime pediments of the mountains, without the islands of white stone, without the old gate and its ancient boats, without the penetrating aroma of burning resin, without anything that used to affect me so strangely every time I passed through Marseilles, calling up to my mind a far-off past and figures now vanished forever.

To be sure I had seen, between the wharf and my hotel, a few natives lost in the black flood of the passers-by, but only such as one sees on the pavements of Marseilles — Kabyle boatmen, porters clad in *djellabs* with their assortment of cloth and embroidery on their shoulders. The only trace of Arabic influence that could bear witness to the past seemed to me then without character and without form — a mere remnant, a relic buried under the new world. They used to tell me about the Kasbah; but I had seen Damascus and Fez, — the wild, fanatical Damascus of 1894, and the dim, inviolate Fez of 1905, — and the Kasbah had no attraction for me. I supposed it must be like some curious jewel kept under glass to attract the tourists.

But on this trip, since I had to spend thirty-six hours in Algiers, I visited the Kasbah in the morning for the first time, only to return again during the afternoon, and then once more in the darkness of night; and to-day the memory of that excursion remains among the deepest that Islam has left upon me. Perhaps it was because, having been away from my Africa for three years, I returned with unwearied eyes, the chief condition for seeing and genuinely understanding. Under such conditions one observes the fine points, the relationships and significances to which, two weeks later, one would be far less alert, and the greater part of which escape completely the people who live in the country.

Even in France, when I come back after a stay in some country that is genuinely different, — in England, for example, — I find that two days later, blunted by custom, I am no longer observing clearly what, at the moment when I emerged from the railway station, impressed me clearly enough — certain aspects, certain general mod-

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ulations, certain fundamental tones, that are like the French stamp upon things.

Let him who sets foot upon the soil of Africa and Algiers go straightway to the Kasbah; for later in his journey, even at Marrakech and Touggourt, it is by no means certain that he will find a fresher vision or anything that will give him a further sensation of amazement.

There is another reason why the old Kasbah interests me. I find there almost the very thing that I had always tried to imagine in Rome, in Timgad, in Constantinople, and at Granada: the last living vestige of a civilization, of a whole world, that has endured for ages and is now face to face with the new ways of life that are soon to replace it forever. Whether a species of animal, a human society, a culture, a language, or a religion is concerned, it is the final moment of disappearance that stirs us to sympathetic interest. Our dreams attach themselves to the last lingering survivors of a type that once was incarnate in millions, perhaps billions of successive beings — the last herd of mammoths that moved among the ice fields of Siberia; the last Egyptians who knew how to read the hieroglyphics; the last Romans who offered sacrifices to the gods of Paganism; the last family of ancient Gaul who spoke the Celtic tongue. . . .

How the mystery of life appeals to us and interests us when death has just taken it away or is about to take it! 'A strange city, where people live, or rather vanish,' Fromentin once wrote of the Kasbah of Algiers. That was seventy years ago, and the people have been slowly vanishing ever since; but though their numbers have diminished, though they have been beaten back and left alone, they are still a people, faithful to themselves, to their race, and to their laws — not a mere group of individuals like the Chinese in the East End of London. They are a people who have clung to their religion, their customs, their manners, their hereditary fashion of living; and however small may be their number, they have kept their cohesion. In these steep flights of stairs amid these corridors of dead-white lime, under these shadowy arches of silence and mystery, they are at home, apart from the rest of the world, as if they had turned bitterly back into their memories and dreams.

That is why the European has a feeling that he is in a foreign land, when he turns his back on the palace of the Archbishop and the Church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires and begins to climb through this labyrinth. It is like the entry into a new world, and into another age, as well, for time does not pass here as it passes with us. A brutal modern intrusion like that of the Rue Marengo means very little.

Who has not seen an old wasps' nest that some insect of different species has torn in pieces and broken apart bit by bit? Yet each particle of the fragment is characteristic of the wasp, and only of the wasp. So it is that, in its fragmentary but still living state, one of the old nests of the Mussulmans still persists; and in this recess of the great city, so close to the arteries of European traffic, it has kept all of its specific character.

No doubt something much like it could be found in Christian lands. In Provence, and in Italy, too, we see old settlements clinging for defense to the summits of rocky cliffs or hills. There, as here, the streets run through tunnels or along stairways. The sun only partly illumines them; shadows thicken in the same way, with spiderwebs under a mass of props and platforms and overhanging structures built on to the houses. These date from the Middle Ages, when certain ways of life were common both to Islam and to Christianity. But characteristic of Islam

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alone, redolent of it in every aspect, is the white solemnity of the alleyways and arches. This is the secret of the walls, pierced here and there at irregular intervals by a narrow window or a peephole, or, when some heavy door swings open, by a pale-bluish corridor generally turning so as to reveal nothing further of the interior.

It is a kind of shroud in which this world envelops itself — an idea that seems to repeat itself here and there in the very clothing of the people: the ghostly burnoose in which these dreamers wrap themselves; the great haiks, clothed in which the women in the galleries running from the passageway are no more than vague oblong bundles. The dead, one might say, come forth from their sepulchres, touching with their pallor, though without the sound of any footfall, the dim whiteness of an arch — the more disquieting from the mysterious blackness of their eyebrows and the haughtiness of their expression.

On these uplands of Algiers where the Moorish people have retired as if fleeing from the mounting waters, in this poor quarter of the Kasbah where I wandered on a luminous morning of November, the soul of Islam hovers as uncontaminated as at Fez. So long ago it made its home here! The very flagstones, the little flights of stairs that the footsteps of generations have hollowed out, seem impregnated with it.

And there are other Mohammedan traits. Misery, coupled with a simple abandon to the friendly arms of nature, manifests itself here, the like of which I have seen in Turkey but never in Moghreb. For example, starting out of the shadow of all the dim crannies, prowling about over the pebbles, darting into the wickets and the tunnels, are all these thin and starving cats — a great population that seems like the scavenger dogs of Stamboul and Damascus, belonging to this place since time began and yet belonging to no man. How much at home they seem here, with their silent pace, their phantom air, their disdainful, fugitive dignity that partakes of the character of the men about them!

Beside them, scattered here and there on the rickety stairs, are the eternal beggars of Islam. Is it the contrast between the pleasant sunlight of autumn and the blue sky, which seems all the deeper amid these pale walls, that makes them so pitiably disgusting to my eyes? There is one bent over, all alone, in the shelter of an arch, whom you would take for a mere bundle of rags. You have to go up close to him to see his face and to find that he is holding out a tin cup. He utters no complaint, no beggar's murmur. There he sits motionless, turning away from the bustle of the street, in the half-twilight of the chilly recess that he has chosen, God knows why — or with what feeling for the resemblance between his own misery and this sordid nook.

Here is another in the corner of a little side-street, with his face against the stones, so well concealed under a ragged burnoose that I had to bend down twice before I could see the fine gray beard beneath his head. Because of the wrists that he held up in a curious way behind him, out of his dirty rags, I had taken him at first for a woman; and perhaps if it had not been for those hands I might not have stopped, thinking that I was merely brushing past a hanging rag. Those hands, those hands! They are a memory. I shall never forget them. Joined and turned backward, with the palms in the air on a level with the shoulders, as if ankylosed in this extraordinary gesture, they had transformed themselves into a beggar's bowl. In all the Orient, where forms and attitudes often astonish one because of their symbolism, I have never seen anything quite so typical. This being with-

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out eyes, without face — what was he but two dry hands stretched out for charity?

I was close by the sacred Zaouia of Mohammed-esch-Chérif, and near the tiny green café that Fromentin loved. The latter has a trace of the Persian about it and is a little like something out of the *Arabian Nights*, with its colonnades, shadows, and recesses, its decorations of roses and conventionalized lions with their moustaches, on a base of earth color — a café like a bouquet of flowers in this wretched district. Wandering without Ariadne's thread in this Arab labyrinth, I kept coming back to this square, until at last I stopped. I found each time, at the entrance to the Rue de la Girafe, the same fantastic beggar, with his outstretched, rigid palms, indifferent to the soft sounds of the Turkish slippers and the burnooses that brushed past him. He might have been a dead man.

But I quickly forgot him in the charming café, fascinated by its Moslem colors, by its decorations of fierce beasts and roses, and by its fine groups of smokers, drinkers, and checker-players, seated in their rags upon mats and little benches, with their dirty slippers beside them. I wandered through the alleys and passages of the *khaouadji*, with its tiny cups, under the amazing structure of its faïence stoves, as complicated and as mysterious as if they were in the cookshop of an alchemist.

This is the end of the Rue Kléber, the most animated street in the Kasbah. Two lines of passers-by come and go here between the booths where tripe, fruit, fried dainties, and spices are sold, one line moving upward, the other coming down — Moors in djellabs, others dressed like countrymen, children, women with their veils, negresses with their faces uncovered; animals too, mostly goats and ewes led along by their masters. Only the eternal little donkeys of all Mohammedan countries seem to be lacking.

Every individual in the crowd, man or beast, squeezed against the wall on the edge of the street, passing close to a group stretched out upon the stairs, a group that might have come direct from an epic, like so many things and people in this Arab world. There was a blind man, rather young, with his face turned toward the sky — a sweet face, passive, dull; and next to him, no less inert, two little boys with bloodless flesh, whom one might have taken for girls save that their heads were half-shaved. A whole family was lying there, asking nothing, quite resigned to whatever was written in the book of Fate. You might have thought they would never rise again from where they lay.

Fromentin described this square at length seventy years ago. Not a thing has changed since that time. There is no slackening in the crowd. A man, half commission merchant, half thief, bending under his gay load of cast-off clothing, cries the bargains he has to offer like those one sees on the white *quaiseriahs* of Fez or Marrakech. No doubt the life is a little less copious than it was, and the color has paled; but the Arab traits of grandeur, even in misery, of complete submission to the forces of inertia and of death, seemed even more marked than they were in the time of Fromentin; for he made no mention of these squatting beggars, almost lifeless, as indifferent to the tide of affairs as a corpse would be.

Not far from the square, there was a school that seemed to be the very one he described: 'It is still there. It will stay there so long as the schoolmaster lives, and no doubt it will be there after him. Why not? For, if you think like an Arab, there is no reason why it should cease to be there.'

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The principles of life are confused here with the principles of inertia. The school is always there because it always has been there, and among so many signs of exhaustion and decrepitude it points out to us — still living and communicating itself to the new generations — the Islamic idea that was set aflame in this region so long ago. No doubt its flickering light sinks lower as the Moorish population in the Kasbah grows smaller, but the thousand-year-old flame of a holy lamp, seen in the moment before extinction, is no more unforgettable.

I hear a sound as if from a bird cage, a confused prattling of children's voices. I push open a door, and there they are, figures of little folks, squatted in the shadow, covered with their hoods, all with delicately cut little faces from which the great black eyes are glowing. All together, row by row, each one holding his little writing-board, they sway back and forth to the cadence of the verses from the Koran that they are shouting in unison — an array of little demons in a circle about a necromancer, carrying out some rite. There is one appealing little fellow, a little negro that one would like to kiss, black as he is — a veritable demon's babe. The sorcerer schoolmaster, with his long wrinkled face, spectacles on his nose, and the air of an old wolf under his hood, keeps them at the end of his rod, which he points from one to another. You might almost say that he is pouring into the little shaven noddles the milk of the Koran.

These children are miniatures of the Arab men, like those little marionettes that play and dance. In three or four years, when they leave their schoolmaster, knowing by heart the book which for so long a time has given the law to the men and societies of Islam, they will have begun to assume for life the grave, unyielding bearing of the Mussulman.

THE GREEN ISLE

BY O. A. JOERGENS

[*New Witness*]

My heart is in the Green Isle hushed in the sea,
The gray of its hills and the green of its meadows beckon me,
I cannot feel the sea-wind, nor watch the boats going west,
But I dream of the dawn that shall find me in my heart's rest.

My heart is in the Green Isle, yet the faces I know
Shall lighten not again with the love of long ago;
Low in Glasnevin churchyard a grave is deep with flowers —
Their love is not the earth love, their place is not ours.

My heart is in the Green Isle, and I shall find rest
When the brown boats, the strong boats bear me out west,
I shall sleep dearly, deeply in the dust that I love,
And there are things we dream not, beyond, above.

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MR. BOTTOMLEY'S CAREER

BY A CORRESPONDENT

[*In May Mr. Horatio Bottomley was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for fraudulent conversion. He was charged with appropriating* £150,000 *entrusted to him by subscribers to his clubs. Mr. Bottomley is owner and editor of* John Bull, *a popular London Weekly, and a member of the House of Commons.*]

From the *Manchester Guardian, May* 30
(Radical-Liberal Daily)

The career of Horatio Bottomley is a very vivid illustration of the amazing extent to which the British public is gullible. He was exposed again and again. The record of the losses — to use no harder term — which had been suffered by those who had put money into his undertakings was public property. He had twice had a receiving order in bankruptcy made against him, and had for years been an undischarged bankrupt. Yet he could persuade shareholders, not only to refrain from claiming their old money, but also to give him new. He could induce men who had been in business all their lives to trust him blindly with large sums. He could win over an astute political organizer to collect money to pay his debts and so enable him once more to enter Parliament. He could twice secure election to the House of Commons. He could be acclaimed, up and down the country, as a public-spirited orator on behalf of national causes in a time of national peril.

How did he do it, and why did he do it? The 'why' is perhaps not the less interesting of the two. Although very large sums of money came into his hands, they quickly passed through them. He never amassed a fortune, and he not only spent very largely, but also very foolishly. It was not really the winning of the money for its own sake that attracted him, although perhaps he believed that it did. The money was rather the symbol of his success in having got the better of his opponent. What really spurred him was the struggle, the excitement, the notoriety — above all, the notoriety.

His colossal vanity was his motive. With his immense assurance and the genius for self-advertisement that went with it, that vanity was also the secret alike of his failure and of his success — of his failure because he really believed himself to be infallible, and of his success because his amazing self-confidence did storm and carry the confidence of others. The more philosophic of his fellow members of the House of Commons must have regarded him with some curiosity, and perhaps a little envy. For here, carried to dangerous excess, were nearly all the qualities which can float a politician on to fortune — persuasive, plausible eloquence, and towering assurance to back it. Horatio Bottomley was indeed the demagogue.

These dominating qualities, turned to their appropriate use in each circumstance, will also explain how the thing was done. His successes were of different kinds. For large sums of money he addressed himself either to very old men who had made fortunes or very young men who had inherited them. The old men could be trusted to believe

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that the talent which had enabled them to get rich would make them more than a match for any financial adroitness. The young men could be tempted by the sporting spirit and by the desire to follow where so expert a financier should lead. Both would be influenced by a consideration which was also the main force in attracting the subscriptions of the general public — the thought that the man might not be very scrupulous, but he was certainly clever; to which was attached the other not very logically associated thought, that this clever man might be willing to share the fruits of his cleverness with others. The general public was, of course, also brought in by advertisement, — very ingenious and persistent advertisement, — as well as by the almost hypnotic self-confidence with which this advertisement was pressed.

So much for the financier; but the demagogue was another success again. Here the assurance was not only helped by a very persuasive and facile gift of speaking and writing, but by a very real sense of the vulgar reactions of that large part of the British public which is represented by a race-course crowd. Beer and race horses were well to the front of Horatio Bottomley's programme. Though he drank champagne, he spoke of beer, and he really owned race horses. With the race-course crowd he professed a sympathy for the underdog, he was vociferously patriotic, and he talked a great deal about common sense, the plain man, simplifying procedure, and so forth — all summed up in that vague but apparently satisfying programme, the 'Business Government.'

It was the same sense of the feelings of the same crowd which led him to change his tone in such a marked way during the war. No less characteristic in their way than the 'Business Government' cry were the fervid championship of the wrongs of the rank and file, and the high moral and religious — though still vague — quality that was now given to all his articles and speeches. He knew his public. The men in the trenches — poor fellows! — loved him, and *John Bull* sold far more than any English paper in France.

No small part of his success was due, not only to his facility for ignoring exposure when it came, but also to his skill in avoiding it on many occasions when it was threatened and never developed. He did this partly by sometimes choosing as associates and subordinates men who would be unlikely to court the publicity of a counterattack, however much they would have liked to make an attack themselves, when they found they had got the worst of a business transaction. Unfortunately for Mr. Bottomley, in Bigland was found a man with the necessary courage.

Apart from this real hold over his immediate associates, however, he always allowed it to be believed that he had a hold over all sorts of persons in high places, that they were afraid of him. By this means and by losing no opportunity of talking of his own skill in conducting his cases in court, — which was considerable, — he managed to create a real fear. Prosecutions which might have been undertaken were abandoned and the sufferers thought it wiser to cut their losses and say nothing about them.

According to the biographical notice supplied by himself to *Who's Who*, Horatio William Bottomley was born on March 23, 1860, and was the only son of William King Bottomley and Elizabeth Holyoake, and thus a nephew of G. J. Holyoake. He himself claimed that he was educated at Mason's College, Birmingham, and covered the whole of his early career by the phrase, 'for many years connected with large financial undertakings in the City.' He

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is said to have begun life by pushing a barrow for a furrier, to have run away and become a clerk in a solicitor's office, and later to have been at work in the printing trade. In 1885 he was certainly in this trade, as director of the Catherine Street Publishing Association, Limited.

In April 1889, with himself as managing director, the Hansard Publishing Union was formed, and took over four previously existing concerns. Two years later it was wound up, and a receiving order was made against Mr. Bottomley. In January 1893, he was tried for conspiracy to defraud, and conducted his own case. In April of the same year he was acquitted, and the Judge (Mr. Justice Hawkins) complimented him on his skill in defense.

From 1894 to 1906 came that string of limited-liability companies which are the excuse for his claiming the title of the 'pioneer of Western Australian mining.' As these companies succeeded each other the latest usually took over the assets, or part of the assets, of its predecessor. They culminated in the Selected Gold Mines of Australia, Limited, and the Joint-Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Limited, in 1904. Two years later both of these had been wound up, and in 1906 Mr. Bottomley was declared by Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady to be guilty of a breach of trust in connection with the latter, by which the company was defrauded of £36,000.

From this point his direct connection with the City ceased, and he conducted his financial operations in other ways. During the next few years, however, upward of seventy actions were brought against him in connection with this period of his career, for amounts which varied up to £100,000. Most of them were settled, often by giving the complaining parties shares in new undertakings. During this time he had been connected with some twenty or thirty limited companies which had failed, the failure involving about £18,000,000 of shareholders' money.

Mr. Bottomley now announced (in 1906) that he was giving up the City and going into journalism. He had already founded the *Financial Times* and been proprietor of the *Sun*, but he did not take any open part in the conduct of these papers. With the first number of *John Bull*, in June 1906, he advanced his personality as strongly as possible as the direct author of what was written in the paper. He invited libel actions. He made bold attacks on important business firms. He opened subscription lists for hard cases of poverty, under the heading of 'Human Documents.' He soon worked up a large circulation. In the course of the proceedings connected with his second bankruptcy, in 1911, he was fined for contempt of court for trying to prevent the Prudential Assurance Company from pressing him in his bankruptcy by threats to expose certain matters detrimental to a high official of the company.

None of all this, however, seemed to interfere with Mr. Bottomley's increasing authority with a certain section of the English people as a public man, and in the same year as that in which he started *John Bull* he also entered Parliament as Liberal member for South Hackney. He had already contested the Hornsey division in 1887 and South Hackney in 1900. He remained in Parliament until 1912, when he was declared bankrupt; but, having succeeded in getting his bankruptcy annulled in December 1918, he was enabled to take his seat for the same constituency, for which he was returned as an Independent in the 1918 election. His positive efforts in Parliament appear to have been confined to a bill to require banks to publish returns of their unclaimed balances and a bill to limit the

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license of counsel in putting questions in cross-examination.

With the outbreak of the war Mr. Bottomley's public appearances assumed a new guise. He became the orator of an ideal, and even a religious, patriotism. In many a music hall, the country over, that voice which had so often charmed and soothed an angry shareholders' meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel made touching appeals for patriotic funds and for the Red Cross. The audience paid for their seats. Mr. Bottomley would boldly inform them that he was not paid for his services. Urged on by the same disinterested patriotism, he would write noble and inspiring articles for the Sunday picture-papers of Lord Rothermere, which he forsook only to found the *Sunday Illustrated* on his own account. At this time he may be said to have been paid at the highest rate in journalism.

Although he had left the City for journalism when he founded *John Bull*, Mr. Bottomley by no means lost his interest in 'large financial undertakings.' Very soon after the birth of the paper he invited, in its columns, subscriptions to a John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Limited, which was to make lucrative investments on behalf of its depositors. Over £58,000 was obtained in this way. It was a peculiarity both of this company and of the *John Bull* company, that, being registered in Guernsey, the offices were rather inconveniently situated for those shareholders or others who wished to make inquiries. Both companies soon went into voluntary liquidation, and, their books being removed to Guernsey, it was stated in subsequent proceedings to be impossible for the court to have access to them during the war.

John Bull also conducted prize competitions known as 'Bullets.' The paper offered a reward of £1000 to anyone who could prove that these competitions were not fairly conducted. A certain Barrett brought an action to claim the reward. Reuben Bigland declared at his trial at Shrewsbury Assizes — and Mr. Bottomley did not go into the witness box to deny it — that he was induced by Mr. Bottomley's representative to bribe the most important witness to disappear. The action was eventually settled.

Mr. Bigland also declared — and Mr. Bottomley also did not deny — that in 1918 he, Bigland, had assisted in organizing a fictitious libel action, in which one John Greaney first published a libel upon Mr. Bottomley and then conducted his defense in such a way that Mr. Bottomley obtained a verdict — the whole expenses, together with £50 to Greaney, being afterward paid by Mr. Bottomley.

The great 'financial undertaking' of the war period of Mr. Bottomley's career was, however, the series of War Loan, Victory Bond, and Thrift Prize Bond clubs. They string on to one another in just the same way as did the West Australian mining-companies, each taking over the decrepit assets of the last. They also have a family resemblance to the original *John Bull* company in the way in which the books are removed to Paris at the moment when the Thrift Prize Bond Club — dealing now in French War Bonds — begins operations, just as the *John Bull* company had its home at the convenient distance of Guernsey. By combining the idea of investment in government securities with that of a chance in a lottery, Mr. Bottomley tempted many persons, who imagined that they could gamble without risk and also perform a patriotic duty in taking up War Loan, to entrust to him sums amounting to over £500,000 on his personal security alone.

The first step toward the prosecution which ended in yesterday's verdict and

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sentence was made when, in October 1921, Mr. Bottomley started at Bow Street a prosecution for criminal libel against his former associate, Reuben Bigland, in connection with a circular which Bigland had published in August of that year. The case came on at the Old Bailey in January 1922, when Mr. Bottomley offered no evidence and Mr. Bigland was, as a natural consequence, acquitted.

At Bow Street a further charge of blackmail, supported by Mr. Bottomley's evidence, was dismissed by the magistrate, who said that he could not believe Mr. Bottomley upon his oath. Another charge of inciting various persons to blackmail Mr. Bottomley was sent to Shrewsbury Assizes, where Mr. Bigland was acquitted after Mr. Bottomley had declined the opportunity of going into the witness box.

THE CONTINUITY OF LITERATURE

BY EDMUND GOSSE

[*This article constitutes Mr. Gosse's Presidential Address to the members of the English Association at their meeting at Bedford College.*]

From the *Times, May 27*
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

THE subject I venture to bring before you is one upon which I find myself holding views divergent from many critics who write at the present moment with authority and acceptance. But before I start, I should like to protest against the complaints which I constantly hear made of the 'indifference' of the public to literature.

As a nation we English love to depreciate ourselves collectively. To read the lamentations of the newspapers, an inhabitant of another planet would believe that for slothful materialism and abject dullness England could hold its own with any tribe of Central Africa. But this is merely our amusing national foible for washing our own dirty linen in public, and carefully exhibiting it before we wash it. I do not like exaggerated expressions, but I am quite ready to assert that, so far from our being sunken in indifferentism to literature, there never was a time when literary matters were so keenly discussed in England as they are now; and as to international comparisons, I am equally confident in saying that France, with her long practice in intellectual exercises, alone among the nations of the earth exceeds us.

I want to revive, if I can, and to justify to you the historic attitude toward literature. This has many enemies at the present moment, besides the metaphysicians and besides the reviewers in detail. The most formidable enemy it has is our excessive preoccupation with present events. This affects other centres of intellectual life besides our own; it affects Paris, where M. Gustave Lanson has been making

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the neglect of history the subject of a special report to the École Normale Supérieure.

This inveterate passion for modern actions and current movements has one result which presents both a ludicrous and a dangerous face. It leads directly to the proposition that all previous literature should be scrapped, as mechanics say, and that we should begin the whole thing over again. More than four hundred years ago Savonarola collected the luxurious books of the new Renaissance in the Piazza della Signoria, made a pile of them, and burned them to ashes in the midst of a vast and gratified crowd who asserted their complete want of confidence in the continuity of literature.

Savonarola was quite right, from his point of view, to regard the Renaissance with suspicious fury, since it was through the explosion of the Renaissance, blowing up the sides of the dark mediæval cavern in which the spirit of man had so long been bound, that what we may call the landscape of literature first became visible. To a monk of the twelfth century there was no intellectual perspective. The classic past was a region of which he had only heard a faint and fabulous report. It was supposed to be infested by demons, and by one fallen angel named Vergil.

Then came the miraculous awakening, Petrarch hanging in tears of ecstasy over the manuscript of Homer which he did not know Greek enough to decipher, on all sides the walls which hid the long and splendid country of ancient literature from the purblind Middle Ages falling and revealing the sunlighted plains and hills of the past. It was at that majestic moment that the continuity of literature was first perceived, not indeed completely, but through the luminous haze of morning. You find the exact opposite to the attitude of Marinetti and the Futurists in that of a fifteenth-century Humanist, such as Leonardo Bruni. I see him, in my mind's eye, marching along the streets of Florence in his long red robes, courteous and silent, with his grave eyes fixed on a vision, his exploring spirit ascending the perilous alpine fastnesses of Plato and Demosthenes, as our explorers of to-day cast longing eyes up at the inaccessible crystal of Mount Everest.

If we desire to perceive how far we have departed from this spirit of passion and desire, it is needful only to glance at the critical doctrines which are widely promulgated to-day without exciting any protest from those whose duty it should be to protect the sanctity of literary tradition. The spirit of the present generation is in a marked degree anti-traditional, and it would be easy, but tiresome, to show by copious quotation how welcome the spirit of revolt has become.

We are all agreed to-day that we must not permit the past to be regarded as a cemetery, nor the authors of the past as fossils. We admit that to do so is to display lack of imagination, of that historical imagination which awakened the flame of Italian Humanism five hundred years ago, and which we must not allow in this mechanical nineteenth century to die down into a heap of ashes. It is useless, however, to denounce a heresy, unless we can expel it by argument. The suspicion of literary tradition, which is so widely prevalent to-day, is not founded on a mere dislike to what has been praised by earlier voices, and now bores the jaded hearer. I think it is something more subtle than that. I connect it with those natural springs in the human mind which led, toward the end of the seventeenth century, to the celebrated quarrel between the Ancients and the Moderns, a quarrel which, in mitigated form and much modified by time, con-

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tinues to rage throughout Europe at the present day.

We have to descend to the beginning of the nineteenth century before we come upon a historian of literature who really perceived its unbroken continuity, and whose erudition empowered him to treat it continuously. The name of Henry Hallam is now seldom mentioned, in spite of the great reputation which that historian enjoyed eighty or ninety years ago. I despair of exciting your curiosity in his massive *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, which indeed is neither lively nor sympathetic. But Hallam deserves respect. He lacked vivacity, but not candor or elevation; above all he cultivated the broad view. Until he wrote, little attention had been paid to the fact that literature is bound up with society, with the social order — that it is a mirror of human progress, even when it seems to run counter to social prejudice.

In connection with the subject before us, I would ask you to admit that no perfectly fixed judgment on a particular author is either desirable or possible. It is the crudest sort of criticism which says that Keats is a good poet and that Tennyson is a bad poet, or that Gibbon is a bad prose-writer and that Sterne is a good one. In the case of authors of this recognized magnitude the epithets 'good' or 'bad' are an impertinence — they simply obscure our vision. What criticism has to do, in the historical sphere, is to take in the whole field of poetry and prose from the earliest times, and discover where the particular object of its attention fits into the prodigious scheme.

I entreat you not to be ashamed of being 'of the centre.' The literature of Europe is an immense stretch of country which retains and will always retain its individual and relative characteristics, its streams flowing through champaigns, its hills lifted, by slow degrees, out of the surrounding plains. But although it is the same country, the sky above it shifts incessantly, and the taste of successive generations looks at it under different lights. Now all seems dim: but a wind of doctrine rises, and the white spires of genius are once more illuminated; the sun catches the surface of a lake which we had missed, and clouds obscure a field that to our forefathers seemed luminous.

These are the effect of conditions of life upon literature; but literature itself remains unchanged, and disinterested historical curiosity will continue to reveal its perennial power and its charm.

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PESTERED BY A 'POLTERGEIST'

BY NIGEL KERR

[*Mr. L. P. Jacks, an eminent British scholar and editor of the* Hibbert Journal, *states in an introductory note that he has 'made careful inquiries into the circumstances connected with what is narrated below,' and adds that 'whatever the explanation of the facts may be, he has no hesitation in recording his complete confidence in the genuineness of the narrative.'*]

From the *Hibbert Journal, April*
(Religious Quarterly)

Traveling not long ago on the Continent, and being at a loss for something to read, I picked up at a railway bookstall a copy, over a year old, of a well-known London magazine. I turned over the pages somewhat listlessly until my attention was arrested by an article by one of our most widely read living authors — whose name it would not need the services of a Sherlock Holmes to discover — on the subject of 'Poltergeists' and 'Thought-forms.' I was at once deeply interested, and made up my mind that I would put together some notes which I had made at the time when I and my wife had what I still think were rather extraordinary experiences. The result is not very sensational; but the account I give is baldly true, the statement is first-hand, and, if it has any merit, it is that it is made entirely on the testimony of two independent witnesses.

A reference to my German dictionary told me that a 'Poltergeist' is a 'racketing spirit,' which did not enlighten me to any great extent. Inquiries, however, among friends more endowed than myself with the gift of tongues, satisfied me that 'Poltergeist' is really most expressive in the case I am about to mention. I cannot, however, use the expression, 'persecuted by Poltergeists,' as I had a feeling throughout that I did not matter, and that it was of no importance whether I was within the sphere of influence of the 'poltering' spirit or not.

It is necessary, or at least, I believe, customary, in such narratives to mention the mentality, or at least the habit of mind, of the persons chiefly concerned — in this case my wife and myself. My wife is, or at any rate was, a disbeliever in the supernatural, and rather a militant or uncompromising one at that. She has, some years ago, slept peacefully for several nights in a much ghost-ridden chamber, which she chose because 'the bed was so beautiful.' Physically she is distinctly above the average in courage.

As for myself, I have always been a skeptic. Many years ago I more than once craved in vain for spiritual company when in utter and well-nigh intolerable loneliness in strange lands. I have slept (very restlessly and not for choice) in badly 'haunted' rooms. Never, however, until last year, have I been disturbed by 'racketing' or other spirits; and so I drifted into the attitude of ignorance and indifference, with a so-called open mind, which I take it is that of the person known as the 'average man.' If I interpret the words rightly, I have always been an unbeliever, my wife a disbeliever.

Last year, after wandering in many lands, I decided to settle down in Italy,

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on the shores of one of the Italian lakes; this decision took me to the town of Brissarno [fictitious name], which lies at the head of one of Italy's finest lakes, where we put up at a pension in which we were uncomfortably lodged during our rather lengthy house-hunting.

While making inquiries in the town and its neighborhood, we came to know two charming elderly Danish ladies, sisters, who were anxious to dispose of all their furniture and household effects, as they had decided, after many years' residence in Italy, to retire to their native land. The elder of the two sisters was evidently greatly distressed at the idea of getting rid of her silver, china, and so forth, part of which had been in her family for very many years, the rest having been bequeathed to her by a very dear friend who had lived with her and had died in their house some two years previously. To think, however, of transporting all, or even a part, of the property across Europe to Denmark was out of the question, and the poor lady was fain to leave her treasures in what she called our 'good hands.'

A few weeks later the elder lady fell grievously ill, and after a short illness died under somewhat distressing circumstances. Her end, it was said, was hastened or embittered to some extent by her distress at parting with her beloved belongings.

The other lady was naturally anxious to get away from Brissarno and to go to Denmark as soon as possible. I therefore agreed to take over her house for the remaining month of her lease and until a house which I had bought was vacant. We therefore moved into Villa Wisteria in good spirits at the idea of changing from a none too comfortable pension to a bright and cheerful modern house. So pleased were we, that we were not cast down by having to face the servant question, which resulted in our being servantless and in a *solitude à deux*.

The house was a cheerful and compact little villa, built some eight years previously, and quite up-to-date in every respect.[1] On the ground floor were the kitchen, the drawing-room, and the dining-room. A stone staircase led to the first floor, on which were two bedrooms, bathroom, and morning-room, the last having a door leading to one of the bedrooms as well as another opening on the landing. A wooden staircase led to the floor above, which contained three bedrooms. In the hall was a door opening on to a stone staircase, which led to three dark cellars and two basement rooms used for the central heating arrangements and for washing, ironing, and so forth.

I was soon to find that the feeling of restfulness for which I had hoped, after some three months of uncomfortable hotel and pension life, was not to be realized. Before we had been many hours in our temporary home I was set awondering by the apparent presence of Something or Someone else besides ourselves in the house.

The first evening we were sufficiently tired to look forward to comfortable beds and fragrant linen sheets, comparing these in anticipatory pleasure with our pension beds of the past, whose chief point was a persistent tendency to disintegration. We therefore retired to our respective rooms, on the first floor, on the best of terms with ourselves and with the world in general.

Though tired, I was not very sleepy

[1] Further particulars of the house are as follows: It is detached, separated by eight or ten yards from houses on either side, in one of which the landlord lives. Opposite, at a distance of about eighty yards, is a girls' school. During the time to which the narrative refers, this girls' school was closed, owing to an outbreak of influenza. The central heating apparatus was not in use when the events to be related took place.

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and vainly awaited the pleasing moment, known to those who are addicted to reading in bed, when the lines become confused and the meaning of the last paragraph seems to be of extra importance. Although sleep would not come, I was lazily comfortable and the book was fairly interesting. I turned luxuriously in my bed, and then I heard light but distinct footsteps[2] on the stone stairs leading from the hall. The stair carpets had been removed, and I could hear the footsteps very plainly. I wondered — somewhat lazily at first — who it could be. My wife had retired to her room; the footsteps were not hers, for she has a rather heavy step and quite unlike those to which I listened.

At the top of the stairs the footsteps hesitated, and, as if someone were walking in the dark, I heard hands feeling over the panels of the door of my room. Then by the bright light which was flooding my bedroom I heard and saw the handle (not a knob as is used in England, but a white-metal handle, some four or five inches long) of the door move upward. A thought, almost of annoyance, passed through my mind that it was a silly and futile proceeding to move the handle *upward*, as the door could only be opened by pressing the handle *down*. Again I heard a hand or hands passed over the door, and for the second time I heard and saw the movement of the handle. I quietly got out of bed and suddenly threw the door open. The strong light from my room lit up the landing, but I could see no one. I then returned to my bed and book.

All was quiet for a time, and then I heard the footsteps again; this time they were descending the wooden stairs which led from the floor above; they reached the landing and passed across it to the morning-room, where I distinctly heard someone moving about. I remember noticing that there was no noise of the morning-room door having been opened. After watching the handle of the door which led from my room to the morning-room for some time, expecting to see it moved in the same manner as had happened to that of the other door, I left my bed and went to my wife's room, noticing on my way that the morning-room door stood ajar. In answer to my wife's inquiries I gave the excuse of damp sheets and a touch of neuralgia, and passed the rest of the night on the sofa in her room.

I said nothing to my wife about what I had heard. Every evening, every day and night I heard footsteps somewhere in the house, except when I was on the top floor or in the basement. In the daytime they struck me as being more distinct. I would hear them when I sat reading; they would go in front of me, and, less often, follow me when I went up or down the stairs. When sitting in the drawing-room I would hear someone moving about the morning-room immediately overhead, and several times chairs, and so forth, were unmistakably shifted in the room above. I found it difficult to rest at night; but after a while I became, in a way, more or less accustomed or callous to the movements of the tertium quid, and managed on the whole to sleep pretty well behind the two locked doors of my bedroom.

I heard knockings or tappings from time to time, but, after one or two attempts to locate these, I took but little notice of them. Very few, if any,

[2] Always the sound of *booted* feet. Generally the impression was that the person was wearing light boots, but on one subsequent occasion Mrs. Kerr had the impression of heavy boots. She describes them as quite distinct, but as suggesting that the walker was anxious to avoid making more noise than was necessary. The difference between the sounds of the footsteps on the wooden and stone stairs respectively was clearly marked.

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days passed without some kind of 'manifestations,' which consisted chiefly of the sounds of footsteps or 'moving about the house,' or shifting furniture[3] in rooms overhead or in the next room. These, for a time, annoyed and irritated me; but after a while they undoubtedly got on my nerves, as, when sitting alone in any room on the ground or first floor, I would nearly always have the feeling that there was someone else in the room. I never experienced this feeling when my wife was present,[4] neither did I at any time hear any noises inside the room in which I happened to be. It will be sufficient to mention only one or two of the incidents which disturbed my peace, and also, as I afterward found, that of my wife during our stay at Villa Wisteria.

On the evening of the fifth or sixth day of our residence in the house, I had retired to bed and had fallen asleep, but was awakened by the footsteps on the wooden staircase. They came down to the landing outside my room and went down several of the stone stairs. They then stopped and returned to the landing. I then switched on my light and took up a book. In a few moments my wife opened her door and rather petulantly demanded why I was moving about at that hour of the night and thus interfering with her rest. Although I had not stirred, I thought it politic to express penitence and promised to do so no more.

It was now evident that my wife also heard the noices which disturbed me. Now and again a pause in her conversation, a listening attitude, and a puzzled look had made me feel sure that she also heard what I did, and now I was convinced. I still, however, kept my own counsel. She would sometimes ask me, 'Did you hear that?' but my invariable answer was 'No.' On one occasion, at our evening meal, she asked me to go into the hall and see what was tapping or knocking. I had heard this noise for some little time, but had taken no notice of it. I went out and found that the tapping came from the door (which was ajar) at the top of the basement steps. On approaching the door it was rather disconcertingly pulled to; I promptly locked it and returned to the dining-room. After that the tappings were heard faintly at intervals during the evening.

Some days later I had further proof that my wife was by no means comfortable at Villa Wisteria. I had gone out one afternoon, leaving my wife alone in the house. During my absence two French ladies called, in order to obtain some information about the house, which they thought of taking after our departure. My wife took them into the drawing-room and gave them tea, explaining that she was alone in the house, being without a servant and her husband being out.

The three ladies talked for some time and, at one point of the conversation, when one of the French ladies was speaking, my wife heard someone at the front door; the inner glass door was opened and leisurely closed, and footsteps were heard in the hall. The lady who was speaking paused and listened, plainly showing that she also heard the noise. Someone then appeared to go to the stairs, to ascend three steps, and to stop where the hatstand stood in the curve of the staircase. The footsteps then continued their way upstairs very

[3] The previous positions of chairs, etc., could not be remembered with sufficient clearness to make sure afterward whether they had been actually moved.

[4] Though he often heard the noises when she did, but in *another* room. Mr. Kerr frankly attributes this 'feeling of somebody in the room' to the state of high nervous tension to which he had been wrought. He would continually turn his head, and on one occasion watched a mirror for some time in the hope that he might see the intruder. He saw nothing.

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slowly and deliberately, and a cough was heard. The steps were heard to cross the landing and then to move about the morning-room, immediately overhead; a heavy chair appeared to be dragged across the room and movements made with it as if someone were settling into it.

The French lady who had been speaking asked: 'You have, then, someone staying in the house?' My wife answered 'No,' and explained that her husband must have come home, having let himself in with his latchkey. She then went into the hall and called me once or twice. Receiving no answer, she concluded that I was not anxious to join the party, as a complete knowledge of the French language is not one of my accomplishments. The ladies resumed their conversation, and in due time the visitors began to make their adieus. Moving into the hall, they lingered there for a while, the French ladies rather volubly discussing the merits of the house and the demerits of the landlord. A door on the first-floor landing was heard to open, or at least to be moved, and also footsteps which were apparently those of someone who was about to come downstairs but who stopped in order to listen. One of the visitors, after a short pause, remarked on the indiscretion of making criticisms on the landlord and his ways, as the person upstairs might be a friend of his. My wife reassured her, saying that her husband, the only other person in the house, was in no way interested in the landlord, even if he understood what was being said. The visitors then left.

My wife, never doubting for a moment that I was in the house, hurried upstairs, calling me as she went. She found me in none of the rooms, and thinking that I, in an unwonted fit of playfulness, was hiding from her, searched for me thoroughly. She found no one. Fear then came upon her; she fled downstairs and locked herself in the kitchen, from which she was released by my arrival about an hour later.

She met me in the hall and rather excitedly told me that there was someone in the house, begging me to search immediately for the intruder. I at once assented. I locked all the doors on the ground floor, putting the keys in my pocket, and, arming myself with a formidable alpenstock and lighting a lantern in case of the electric light being suddenly turned off, I searched the two upper floors in a very drastic and complete manner. I then examined the ground floor and basement in an equally thorough fashion. Vastly to my wife's disappointment, and to some extent (for I had had but little hope of success) to my own, our quest proved fruitless.

After the above episode I had a rather unreasonable hope that we might be left in peace. I was becoming tired of, and considerably annoyed by, these disturbances, and felt sure that, before long, I should become afraid. One evening, however, I had proof that there was to be no rest for us. I went out with my wife, who went shopping in the town, and, as a natural result, was soon laden with inconvenient parcels. As we happened at one time to be near Villa Wisteria I decided to leave the packages there, rejoining my wife a little later. I let myself into the house with my latchkey, and, as it was now dark, felt for the electric-light switch — an operation which was somewhat impeded by the multitude of parcels which I was carrying. As I fumbled for the switch I heard the footsteps on the first-floor landing; they came briskly down the stairs, and the idea seized me that they would arrive at the bottom of the staircase (which was almost alongside the front door) before I could get out of the house. A great desire to run away was what I felt, for I was afraid. I

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dropped the parcels on the floor, and found myself in the road in quicker time than I should have thought possible.

I was really very glad when our stay in Villa Wisteria was drawing to a close. I, for one, was sick and tired of the house and its happenings, and was looking forward to going to a house of my own.

Our packing was a strenuous task, and kept us, and to a great extent our minds, well employed, so that I, at least, was not specially disturbed during the last few days which we spent in this horrid little house. On the last evening I went to bed late and very tired by my share of the preparations for moving on the morrow. My wife decided to finish packing her trunks before she retired for the night, so as not to have too much to do in the morning.

I had been asleep for what seemed to me to be a short time when I was aroused by the footsteps in the hall; they came, none too softly, I thought, up the stone stairs and reached the landing. I heard one or two steps on the wooden floor of the landing, and then a piercing scream from my wife and the violent slamming of her door. After a pause I heard the steps ascending the wooden stairs, and then all was still. I shouted to my wife, asking if she were all right or if anything were wrong, and she replied that nothing was the matter and she had just finished. I shortly afterward fell asleep again and was not further disturbed.

I said nothing to my wife until we had settled down the next day in our new house. I questioned her and told her all my own troubles in Villa Wisteria.

From the first day in that bedeviled abode, it appeared, she was oppressed by the feeling that someone else was in the house besides ourselves. She heard every day, evening, or night, footsteps and other noises; her experiences were similar to, and in a good many cases identical with, my own. As with me, she was never disturbed on the upper floor; but, unlike myself, she was much oppressed by the 'presence' in the basement, and had several times ascended the stairs leading therefrom backward, being frightened by the noises below. She often would lock herself in one of the rooms on the ground or first floor, on account of 'someone moving about the house,' and noticed that she was most molested when the house was most cheerful — that is, in the forenoon or middle day, when the sun lit up all the principal rooms. She would not say anything to me for fear of my making fun of her and her 'fancies'; but now, in our new house, she could tell me all.

She told me about the incident of the visit of the French ladies, which I have detailed above, and explained the adventure of the last night. She had finished packing one trunk, which was on the landing; she was kneeling in front of another box, which was half or three quarters filled, being with her back to the landing, with the box just inside the door, which, of course, stood wide open. She heard, as did I also, the footsteps coming up from the hall; as they came nearer she felt paralyzed and unable to move, even to look round; she felt icy cold, and colder still as the steps crossed the landing behind her; then she felt a pressure on the back of her neck. Whatever it was, 'it did not feel like a hand,' but it was very cold, and the pressure was firm but gentle. Her head was slowly but irresistibly pushed downward until her face was almost within the box which she was packing. With a supreme effort she pushed the box from her, inside the room, sprang to her feet, and, with a scream which I had heard, slammed the door and locked it. She saw nothing, though the landing was well lit up. On my shouting to her

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she answered as she did, as she 'did not want to make a fuss.'

As we compared notes, my wife was surprised to find that I had also suffered from the attentions of the Poltergeist, and had suffered at the same moment as herself on so many occasions. We were rather impressed by our experiences, and very thankful to find ourselves safely away from the hated footsteps and other worrying noises.

As for Villa Wisteria, I visited it again a couple of days or so after we had left it, in order to make sure that we had left nothing behind. The rooms were bare and empty, and, as I explored them from top to basement, I listened everywhere intently, but heard nothing. The house lay empty for a considerable time, but was eventually taken by two *sposini* (young, newly married people), who, so far as I know, have not been disturbed by any unwelcome visitors. This I can believe, for they are doubtless fulfilling the destiny of all *sposini*, and are 'living happily ever afterward.'

Further inquiry has revealed the following facts.

The married couple who took the house after Mr. Kerr's departure have suffered no disturbance since the date of the narrative.

It will be observed that two deaths had taken place in the house: (1) the death, about two years prior to Mr. Kerr's tenancy, of the 'friend' (Miss X) who bequeathed the silver, and so forth, to one of the Danish ladies; (2) the death of the Danish lady aforesaid a few weeks before Mr. Kerr came in.

Mr. Kerr has now ascertained that the house was the subject of gossip in the neighborhood, of which, till the other day, he had heard nothing.

It occurred to the Editor to inquire what precisely were the articles Mrs. Kerr was packing into the trunk when she was assailed in the manner described above. Were they part of the personal belongings of Miss X bequeathed by her to the Danish lady and purchased by Mr. Kerr on taking over the house? The answer was in the affirmative. The articles consisted in part of the household linen marked with the initials of Miss X. The room in which the packing took place had been her bedroom.

Mr. Kerr expresses regret that neither he nor Mrs. Kerr can find less sensational terms to describe what happened on the occasion of the packing. He apologizes for such terms as 'icy cold,' but declares he has done his best to avoid exaggerations.

In response to a natural inquiry as to the cause of the mutual silence of husband and wife during the earlier stages of the occurrences, Mr. Kerr has been quite explicit.

The explanation obviously turns on the personal characteristics of the parties concerned. The subject belonged to a class which the one treated with contempt and the other with indifference; each was anxious to avoid the derision of the other or, in the alternative, the raising of an alarm. They were alone in the house together, and had to stay there a month. — The Editor, *Hibbert Journal.*

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THE GREAT DRUG DELUSION

BY A NEW YORK SPECIALIST

From the *New English Review, July*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

PROFESSOR FREUD and M. Émile Coué have both pointed out, in similar language, despite their different techniques, the same fact about the identity of fear and fascination. It is a commonplace in the daily observation of the practising psychologist. As soon as an obstacle is realized as such, we make frantic efforts to avoid it, with the result that we bump into it. Psychical impotence is in the experience of most men; it is the same thing in terms of another problem.

Now the present craze for taking 'habit-forming drugs' (so-called), and the suggested remedies, are closely bound up with this curious phenomenon. The will behaves like a mule, and the imagination like a bird in the presence of a serpent.

In the spring of 1914 I had occasion to study the effects of cocaine. As it happened, I had access to all the 'fast' or 'Bohemian' sets in London. I went through them with a tooth-comb, and in three months managed to discover two girls who were indulging in that drug to a deleterious extent. To-day one might almost say that no tea party is complete without it.

My investigations were cut short by the war; I was obliged to return to the United States. I had therefore no opportunity of observing the cause of the change. My English colleagues, however, attribute the present situation to two main factors: (*a*) the widespread outbreak of psychoses and neuroses due to public anxiety and stress, and the consequent demand for something which would dull the nerves; (*b*) the D.O.R.A. restrictions on the sale of liquor.

I agree that both these factors were potent; they square with our own experience in America. There drug-habits have been common for many years, for the people of the United States are naturally afflicted with the nervous diathesis. This is due partly to the climate, which is electrically charged in a way which Europeans cannot possibly understand until they have tried it, and partly to the fact that education is so widespread that the people demand art, literature, and music, which things are denied to them by the benevolence of the spiritual heirs of Cotton Mather. No other hypothesis even attempts to explain the Yellow Press, the dancing manias, the crazed search for amusement — and the resort to the waters of Lethe, beginning with cocktails and ending with cocaine.

But prohibition, ineffective as it is, has intensified the demand for drugs; and I am therefore ready to believe that war-time restrictions on the sale of liquor produced a parallel result in England. I note in passing that the prohibition of absinthe in France has resulted in the manufacture of substitutes, some of which will actually eat their way through a marble table.

There is, however, a third factor to be considered; and, without going over frankly to the theories of Nancy, the Salpêtrière, Vienna, and Zurich, it may well be that it is the most important of all. This factor is the nauseating form

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of publicity given by the newspapers — some even of those which should know better — to the matter. Indulgence in drugs is described with an unholy leer; it is connected lewdly with sexual aberrations; and the reprobation with which the writers smear their nastiness is obviously hypocrisy of the most oily and venal type. The object is to sell the paper by making people's flesh creep, like the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*.

Now there is in such articles — which began, I regret to say, with a not uninteresting novel called *Felix*, by Mr. Robert Hichens — what Baudouin calls a pernicious suggestion. The reader is invited to gloat on the forbidden fruit. But even worse, from this point of view, is the unanimous assertion that once anybody starts to take a 'drug' he cannot possibly stop of his own free will, and is only to be rescued at the cost of unutterable torments. Medical treatises on the subject, with no exception so far as I know, perpetuate this wicked libel on the divine prerogative of man to do what he wills, and, when he wills, to stop doing. Writers of fiction follow the evil precedent.

The exception to this rule is the *Hasheesh-Eater*, by H. G. Ludlow, in which the author (who lived on the Hudson near Poughkeepsie) describes his addiction to that drug, and his cure by his unaided determination.

Such cases are, however, common enough; but the strong-minded never reach the clinic of the physician, and are consequently ignored by him.

There are, in fact, three main classes of men and women:

1. Afraid to experiment with anything, lest —
2. Enslaved by anything that appeals to them;
3. Able to use anything without damaging themselves.

I hesitate to admit either of the two former classes to the title of Freeman.

Since the year 1898 I have been principally occupied in studying the effects of various drugs upon the human organism, with special reference to the parallelisms between the psychical phenomena of drug-neuroses, insanities, and mystical illuminations. The main object has been to see whether it is possible to produce the indubitably useful (see William James, *Varieties of Religious Experience*) results of 'ecstasy' in the laboratory. In pursuit of this laudable aim, I attempted to produce a 'drug-habit' in myself. In vain. My wife literally nagged me about it: 'Don't go out without your cocaine, sweetheart!' or 'Did you remember to take your heroin before lunch, big boy?'

I reached the stage where one takes a sniff of cocaine every five minutes or so all day long; but though I obtained definitely toxic results, I was always able to abandon the drug without a pang. These experiments simply confirmed the conclusion which I had already adopted, provisionally, on theoretical grounds: that busy people, interested in life and in their work, simply cannot find the time to keep on with a drug. As Baudelaire says: 'A perfect debauch requires perfect leisure.'

A prominent newspaper correspondent of my acquaintance had actually reached a stage where the privation of opium was torture to him. The stress of the war threw additional work on him; but instead of accentuating his need, it made it impossible for him to find the time to smoke. 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do' is sound psychology.

A colleague of my own, who participated in my experiments, found himself on several occasions 'in the clutches of the drug-fiend.' But those occasions were all characterized by one fact: he was, for external reasons, at a deadlock with his work. He had nothing to do

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but to think about the drug, and his mind was flooded with 'pernicious suggestions' that he could not stop it. Every trifling malaise was unhesitatingly attributed either to the effects of the drug or those of trying to stop it! Just so the young man who was reading *Middlemarch* fell downstairs and broke his leg — and blamed the law of gravity instead of George Eliot!

It is not contended here that the physiological theory of 'toleration' is untrue. No doubt the nerves do, more or less, 'shriek for their accustomed stimulus,' as the foolish physician usually tells his victim — apparently with the hope of removing any traces of self-confidence or will power that he may possess. But, within limits, an average brave and resolute man can arrange the details of his 'cure' and carry them out with success. The nerves, too, can be fooled to some extent. A member of the Himalayan Expedition of 1902 has put it on record that when he was starved in respect of his sugar-ration he suffered the most intolerable tortures. The body agreed with him so far as to furnish almost continuous spasms of nausea and diarrhœa. But on sweetening his tea with saccharine, the symptoms almost completely disappeared: the 'suggestion' of sugar, although he knew it was only a suggestion, sufficed to delude his physiological 'Chorus of Trœzenian Women.'

Now if there be one thing certain in this complex world it is this: that moral maladies require moral therapeutics. The present system of 'pernicious suggestion,' backed by prohibition, which insults the free will and dignity of mankind and which offers princely opportunities to illicit traffic and blackmail, makes the situation worse every month.

In Harlem, a district of New York corresponding roughly to a combination of Bayswater and Brixton, there are, by police statistics, over 17,000 school children addicted to heroin. In this particular case the cause is simple enough. An enterprising firm of doubtless God-fearing chemical manufacturers sent out agents to distribute the drug gratis to the children. Having established the 'habit,' the agents next demanded an ever-increasing price, and when they had extracted the last mill from the tortured innocents, told them to steal, rob, and murder in order to get the 'mazuma' for the 'dope.' (The 'addict' is notoriously fertile in expedients for obtaining supplies of his drug.)

Abominations of this sort are only possible when the course of nature is violently diverted by pious Puritans and profiteering policemen. Nobody troubled about heroin when it was almost as easy and as cheap to buy as butter. To-day, despite repressive legislation, there is an international industry making its many thousand per cent on an enormous turnover, and occasionally throwing some peddling Jonah overboard when some brainless dancing girl happens to kill herself. What better could she do?

And the police want 'additional powers.' Of course they do. They envy the Beckers of New York — the arbitrary irresponsible gangs of uniformed grafters, in league with every form of criminal, from the white slaver to the gambler and the gunman. If the people of England want to see their cities in the hands of petty tyranny patting the paunch of corruption, well and good, 'strengthen the Act!'

There has been so much delirious nonsense written about drugs that sane men may well despair of seeing the light.

But it ought to be obvious that if England reverted to pre-war conditions, when any responsible person (by signing his name in a book) could buy drugs at a fair profit on cost price, —

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cocaine, say, at 16*s*. and heroin at 20*s*. the bottle of 10 grammes, instead of as many pounds, — the whole underground traffic would disappear like a bad dream.

It is possible, perhaps even probable, that for a month or two there would be an increase in the number of fools who killed themselves in their folly, though personally I doubt it. But I have no shame in saying that, after a war in which we sent our sturdiest sons as sheep to the slaughter, we should not miss a few score wasters too stupid to know when to stop. Besides this, we see, on the one hand, that the people who want the drugs manage to get them in one way or another, at the cost of time, trouble, and money which might be used more wisely, and on the other, that the infernal suggestions of the press, and the vile venality of the villains attracted to the traffic by the immense profits, are deliberately creating new addicts every day of people who in the normal course of affairs would no more think of indulging in narcotics than a cat in a cold bath.

So much for the purely practical points of the position; but, deeper still, let me say, as a Jeffersonian Democrat, that I dread beyond all else the growth of the petty tyranny of restrictive legislation, the transference of disciplinary authority from the judiciary to the constabulary, the abandonment of every constitutional safeguard of individual liberty, the division of the people into the hunters and the hunted, the exaltation of the spy, the *agent provocateur*, and the blackmailer, the open adoption of the policy of sitting on the safety valve, and the degradation of citizenship by applying physical repression to the evils whose only redress lies in moral development!

THE GIANT PUFFBALL

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

[*The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War*]

From what star I know not, but I found
  Myself newborn below the coppice rail,
No bigger than the dewdrops and as round,
  In a soft sward, no cattle might assail.

And so I gathered mightiness and grew
  With this one dream kindling in me, that I
Should never cease from conquering light and dew
  Till my white splendor touched the trembling sky.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

SHAKESPEARE

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[*Looker-On*]

When by the far-away sea your fiery disk appeared from behind the unseen, O Poet, O Sun, England's horizon felt you near her breast, and took you to be her own.

She kissed your forehead, caught you in the arms of her forest branches, hid you behind her mist-mantle and watched you in the green-sward where fairies love to play among meadow flowers.

A few early birds sang your hymn of praise while the rest of the wood-land choir were asleep.

Then, at the silent beckoning of the Eternal, you rose higher and higher till you reached the mid-sky, making all quarters of heaven your town.

Therefore at this moment, after the end of centuries, the palm groves by the Indian Sea raise their tremulous branches to the sky, murmuring your praise.

THE NEW BLOSSOM

BY ISOBEL HUME

[*Observer*]

A moment and it shone clear on my mind —
In unveiled beauty as the day-star rises;
With delicate sharp form and newborn bliss,
On the ecstatic heart where joy surprises:
And all the Spring to me
Was a white flower upon a budded tree.

WAKING DREAMS

BY GILBERT THOMAS

[*Observer*]

This morning, as I woke in bed,
The Little Ouse was in my head —
The Little Ouse that flows so brown
Beside the wharf at Thetford town,
And under the gray arch where yet
The seal of ancient peace is set.
Oh, what should make that quiet stream
Wind through my happy waking dream?

Yesterday, as I woke in bed,
The Atlantic pounded through my head,
Lashed by the furious Sou'west
That gives to sea and ships no rest;
While, like a derelict, on high
The half-moon drifted through the sky.
Oh, what should make that moon's pale gleam
Eerily haunt my waking dream?

The day before, I woke in bed,
And children flitted through my head.
Oh, there was Jack, with open smile,
And Anne, her small face wreathed in guile;
And Derrick, of the sober eyes,
Gazed at the world with mute surprise;
While schoolboy Tom, cheered by his team,
Shot a goal through my waking dream.

To-morrow, as I wake in bed,
Who knows what may be in my head?
What joy? What peace? What grief? What fear?
Where shall I be — afar or near?
Oh, strange adventure! . . . Hasten, Sleep!
Bear me across the unknown deep;
But bid some holy influence beam
Upon my spirit's waking dream!

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IN THE CITY OF MARRAKECH

PRESIDENT MILLERAND'S pilgrimage, coupled with the colonial exposition at Marseilles, has stimulated the interest of the French in their Moroccan possessions, and particularly in some of the picturesque old cities of the lands on the other side of the Mediterranean. Of particular interest is Marrakech, the capital of Southern Morocco, once the seat of the Almoravide dynasty.

In a long article in *Le Correspondant*, M. L. d'Anfreville de la Salle describes the charm of the city at the foot of the Atlas Mountains, where, he says, —

tropical Africa and the mountain scenery of Europe seem to meet each other. And yet this contrast is not the whole charm of Marrakech. Here one is in the land of the sun. The sovereign of the solar system illuminates, each evening, a vast golden furnace, gleaming along the gigantic barrier of the Atlas Mountains, and the eyes never grow weary of the play of light upon this enormous mountain-mass in an atmosphere whose purity is unknown in our climate. . . .

Marrakech possesses more than the fantastic setting of the Atlas Mountains, for the exploration of its surroundings and of the city itself holds pleasant surprises for tourists and for business men also. The old city of the Almoravide kings offers to its guests what are perhaps the most marvelous architectural wonders of all Morocco. Their description has already tempted writers of great talent, and voluminous guidebooks have also been prepared for those who prefer the simple precision of a complete description to literary raptures.

M. de la Salle gives a picture of the tombs of ancient princes in the most beautiful mosque of the city: —

Ordinarily one penetrates into the Kasbah by way of Bab-Aguenaou, a gate built of red sandstone. Here one finds oneself close by a beautiful mosque of unusual proportions, in the shadow of which is located the most beautiful monument of Moroccan art, the tombs of the Saadian princes. Their dynasty set out from Marrakech in the sixteenth century to conquer all Moghreb from the Christian invaders and from Merinide sultans who were held to be abandoned by Allah; and they came in the end to make their last habitation in the shelter of this city's ramparts, the cradle of the power of their earlier days.

Their tombs are not displayed to the eyes of the vulgar herd, and there is nothing from the outside to indicate what an artistic treasure lies at the end of a sombre corridor. The view is like that in one of the stories in the *Arabian Nights*, in which a beggar opens before you the door of a ruin and it is suddenly transformed into a dream palace. One breathes a different air in this palace of the dead, as if in crossing its threshhold one had entered a realm of enchantments; and the magician of the legend, if he suddenly appeared and presented to the visitor an enchanted lamp, would hardly astonish him. He is no longer in the real world. He knows and admits it; but no hint of sadness or even contemplation touches his spirit.

The Mohammedans do not regard the mystery of the final separation as we do. They, perhaps, do not fear death so much as we; certainly they do not honor it more. That is the reason why their funeral monuments, often charming and serene, are never of magnificent proportions. From the walled corridor, covered with inappropriate plaster-of-Paris, one comes into a narrow room very highly ornamented, which opens by a large doorway into a second hall where almost all the tombs are located. This is a masterpiece. Twelve columns of milk-white marble, grouped three by three, support it. Funereal stones with forms of perfect purity are scattered over the ground, while a mosaic of clear faïence forms a plinth for the surrounding wall. All the surroundings, the walls, the arches that stretch between columns, even

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a part of the ceiling, are covered with arabesques cut in a stucco that, mingling its whiteness with the rest, gives a pleasant sense of clearness, which caresses the eye as it looks upon these marvels. One sees before him neither human image nor anything that might cause the dead to be remembered by recalling life. The eye loses itself in following the lines with their graceful curves, and grasps only the harmonious ensemble of mingling colors and entangled lines. It is delighted by a pleasure that is wholly physical; for the heart is not touched at all by this spectacle, whereby the soul is not exalted.

These princely dead, stretched out upon their narrow monuments, over which the Arabic characters are interlaced, once lived like other men. They loved, they hated; but there is nothing here to recall what they once were or what they still are. Nothing differentiates one from the other. They are nothing but a little of the same dust beneath the same block of marble. And this uniformity, this total absence of any sign that may preserve to our eyes a kind of personality, renders them doubly dead for us.

Their tombs give us a profound impression of immaterial beauty as unalterable as a theorem, eternal and utterly true; but for all that, there is something lacking: it is not cold like death — it is cold with the chill of utter annihilation.

A court enclosed in high walls separates this artistic sanctuary, still almost intact, from another hall which time and abandonment have less respected. Here people throw heaps of filth, which is hidden under great yellow daisies growing close to two or three tufted trees that have sprung up and grown without the aid of any gardener. These mausoleums, this court, these trees, in a few square metres, form a symbolic unit. Beauty, disorder, slovenliness — does this not sum up all of old Morocco, as if drawn in perspective under its blue sky and its dazzling sunlight?

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THREE JOAN OF ARC TAPESTRIES

THREE old tapestries with an interesting history were suspended in the south transept of Notre Dame Cathedral last May when all France was celebrating the saint's day of Joan of Arc. Church, State, and Public united in doing honor to the national Saint. Her statues were heaped with flowers. Troops of the French army rendered military honors, and religious services were conducted everywhere. That in Notre Dame, over which Cardinal Dubois, the Archbishop of Paris, presided, was especially imposing, and was followed by the traditional procession to the inner portion of the basilica.

The pillars of the south transept were hung with three magnificent D'Aubusson tapestries, loaned by their owner, in whose family they have been for a very long time. The tapestries were inspired by Chapelain's famous poem, *La Pucelle, ou la France délivrée*, printed in 1656, lavishly illustrated with scenes from the life of Joan of Arc. The book had as a frontispiece a portrait of Henri d' Orléans, Duke of Longueville and Estouteville, Prince of Neufchâtel, and Count of Dunois, a descendant of one of the Maid's companions in arms, who became Chapelain's patron. Several tapestries inspired by these illustrations were designed, though not all were executed.

The three displayed in Notre Dame represent episodes in Joan's life. In one she stands helmeted for war and holding the staff of her Oriflamme. In another, as a humble shepherd-maid conducted by an angel, she is recognizing Charles VII, who is standing among a group of courtiers. The third shows the King crowned and clad in his mantle ornamented with fleurs-de-lis, but with his sceptre broken at his feet, and overcome by the misfortunes of his realm. Joan is shown delivering him from his bondage and pointing to the French armies, ready to march to

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the delivery of their country. Saint Michael dominates the whole scene, and holds out a shield on which appear the words 'La Pucelle, ou la France délivrée.' The whole composition was originally the frontispiece of the poem, taken over without change in the tapestry.

AN AMERICAN DRAMATIST ABROAD

THE foreign reputation of Mr. Eugene O'Neill is gradually growing. His plays have had London productions and will probably be seen before long in Paris, where the prevailing note of gloom that has hitherto been so marked a characteristic of everything he has written may not prove so discouraging as it has been to Americans, even those who are most capable of recognizing his genuine power as a dramatist. There is a profound note either of melancholy or morbidity in most European fiction written during the last few years, and the grimness of *Beyond the Horizon*, or the savage terror of *The Emperor Jones*, may meet present European taste very agreeably.

In France, however, the theatre has been less affected than the short story and the novel by the wave of morbidity. The well-made play, light, sparkling, always amusing whatever else it may be, and almost always a model of craftsmanship, holds the boards. In Germany the theatre, too, seems to share in the prevailing tone. Modern dramatists write a good many morbid plays and Strindberg's most terrible pieces are well received, while such a play as Schnitzler's *Riegen* not long ago reached the stage for the first time, years after it was written.

L'Europe Nouvelle thus reviews *The Emperor Jones*, which has not yet been translated into French, but is evidently being read in English by Parisians interested in foreign literature: —

This is one of those infrequent plays from America that one can regard as possessed of literary value. The position of American dramatists is depressing enough. Aside from light operetta and the sentimental or detective drama, there is very little place for social studies or analysis of the passions that move humanity. M. Eugene O'Neill, a young author who may be regarded as the most brilliant of his generation, takes an interest in strange and often exotic personages. His *Emperor Jones* deals with a negro, a former Pullman porter and escaped convict, who is now ruler over an island in the West Indies. . . .

His little play is ironic and vigorous, highly colored and rich in language. The author not only knows how to make negroes talk, but he understands their carelessness, their superstition, their cruelty, and their mockery. M. O'Neill also understands his craft. His crescendo of fear is excellently done. If he is only willing to apply his talents to the observation of social types that are a little less elemental than drunken sailors or reveling blacks, he cannot fail to produce still more significant plays.

A FEMININE HOMER?

A NEW edition of Samuel Butler's essay in Homeric speculation, *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, which recently appeared in London, has led 'The Librarian,' who contributes a weekly page to the *Saturday Review*, to remind his readers that the notion that a woman wrote the poems attributed to Homer is not quite so new as it seemed when Butler's book first appeared. The English author, to be sure, contented himself with asserting the feminine authorship of only one of the poems; but, says 'The Librarian': —

Looking over the new edition of Butler's *The Authoress of the Odyssey*, I find another proof of the uselessness of any correction of a book once published. Meeting Butler some time before he died, I expressed some astonishment that he had not referred to the post-classical tradition which ascribed to a woman the first authorship of the Homeric

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poems. Of this, it turned out, he was entirely ignorant, though he had taken a very good degree in classics. His letters on the subject were published later on in a biography, but seem to have escaped the notice of his editor, so that I must once more remind Butlerians and students of the *Odyssey* that a certain Alexandrian critic of Homer, Naucrates by name, asserts that the *Odyssey* (and the *Iliad!*) were written by one Phantasia, daughter of Nicaritius, a professor of philosophy, and were preserved in the library of Memphis, where Homer found them.

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SUBMARINE PAINTING

THE Paris literary journal, *L'Opinion*, prints some interesting reminiscences of the first experiments in submarine landscapes — if one may employ the term — begun by the painter Ritchard. The painter made his first descent in 1905, when he was traveling in Tahiti, going overboard in a diver's suit and walking about on the sea bottom until he found a view that suited him. Then his canvas, easel, brushes, and colors were lowered to him through twenty metres of water.

The canvases had previously been prepared with oil, so that they were not affected by sea water, and the colors were so mixed that they, too, could be used on the bottom of the ocean. Working at this depth, the artist-diver could remain for a half-hour only; and he frequently came to the surface, leaving easel, canvas, and all at the bottom, returning the next day to find them quite undisturbed. Only, adds *L'Opinion*, 'there were a few big fishes around, playing the part of the curious gamins of the Paris squares.'

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THE COCK OF JEMMAPES

THE bronze cock of Jemmapes once more stands upon the summit of the monument commemorating the battle in which, in 1792, the French revolutionary army defeated the Austrians. The first cock, emblematic of victorious France, was placed on the monument in 1911, when the memorial was erected, mainly by the subscription of Belgian friends of France. At this time a strong German propaganda was being carried on in Belgium.

Jemmapes is near Mons, and when the German army passed that way in 1914, the Saxon troops took down the great bronze figure — three metres in height — and blew it to pieces with dynamite. A committee of the 'Amis de Jemmapes' has rebuilt the monument and set up the bronze cock anew.

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THE JUDAS OF OBERAMMERGAU

THE *Manchester Guardian* tells an amusing story of one of the characters in the Passion Play at Oberammergau: —

During a visit he paid to Oberammergau several years ago, the late Mr. Andrew D. White, the American diplomat, made the acquaintance of the Judas, whom he described as by far the best actor in the whole performance. Mr. White remarked to him that he ought to have a double salary, as the Judas had in the miracle plays of the Middle Ages, when this was thought due to him as compensation for the injury done to his character by his taking that part. At this the Oberammergau Judas smiled pleasantly, and replied: 'No; I am content to share equally with the others. But the same feeling toward the Judas still exists.'

He then told Mr. White the following story. A few weeks before, while he was working at his carving-bench, the door of his workshop opened and a peasant woman from the mountains came in, stood still, and gazed at him intently. On his asking her what she wanted she said: 'I saw you in the play yesterday. I wished to look at you again. You look so like my husband. He is dead. He, too, was a very bad man!'

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BOOKS ABROAD

DENIKIN, GENERAL A. I. *The Russian Turmoil. Memoirs: Military, Social, and Political.* London: Hutchinson and Company, 1922. 24*s*.

[W. N. Ewer in the *Daily Herald*]

GENERAL DENIKIN'S book is not the story of his campaigns against the Red Army. It is the often-told story of 1917 — of the first Revolution and of the economic and military collapse which preceded the seizure of power by the Bolsheviki.

An often-told story, but told by the White General from a new point of view, and in a vivid, capable style which makes it one of the most valuable and one of the most interesting documents of the Revolution.

General Denikin, self-revealed in his book, is pure soldier. He cares little enough about the Tsar or the landowners. The Army — the old Army — was the thing to which he had given his life, and which he loved devotedly. He was a good enough officer, who treated his men well. He counted on their loyalty. He was proud of them. But when they refused any longer to obey him and his brother officers, he can find no words too bad for them. They are a 'savage, cruel, senseless mob,' a 'licentious soldiery,' and so on.

General Denikin, I said, is pure soldier. That was wrong. He is pure officer. The army to him was the Staff and the officers. The men were — just the component parts of battalions. And the thing he cannot forgive in the Revolution is that these component parts became individuals with wills and desires and dreams and hates of their own.

A terrible enough situation, the breaking of a great army-machine — held together by discipline and habit and tradition — into millions of human beings. A situation fertile in tragedy and horror. A situation calling for strong and imaginative leadership which alone could bring order from chaos.

Kerensky and his colleagues failed because they lacked the iron resolution without which all else was useless. The generals failed because — they had nothing else. They had the quality which General Denikin praises — 'the will power which, by its boundless daring, its cruelty in removing obstacles, and its tenacity in seizing power, gives victory.' But that will power alone cannot make armies or nations. You cannot lead men by ruthlessness alone. Habit and tradition may give you obedience. But when habit and tradition are gone, only an ideal — something for which men will struggle and suffer — can inspire discipline and ordered effort.

That is why neither Korniloff, nor Kolchak, nor Denikin could remake the army which crumbled in Kerensky's nerveless hands. They had will power and ability, but they had no more. Their armies, too, lacking the cohesive force of an ideal, crumbled.

And a Jewish civilian (Denikin's contempt for civilians almost equals his contempt for Jews) succeeded, where all these had failed, because he and his colleagues had what all these lacked — the combination of ideal and will power which makes men adequate to leadership in great emergencies.

One of these days General Denikin may come to understand that. Then he will go home and work as loyally for the Red Army as he worked for the army of the Tsar.

But I hope that he will first write another book as good as this — a book which shall tell of the part he played in the civil war.

[*New Statesman*]

GENERAL DENIKIN, who distinguished himself in the campaign against Germany, and later as Commander-in-Chief of the anti-Bolshevist army, presents us with a mass of information and opinion in a somewhat indigestible form. Whatever his miltary talent, he does not possess the gift of marshaling a disorderly rabble of facts into a well-disciplined and lucid narrative. With more literary skill he could have made of these *Memoirs: Military, Social, and Political* a book of more considerable historical value. His most interesting pages are those in which he describes his arrest and imprisonment by the Bolsheviki, the tragic vacillations of the Tsar, and the democratization of the Army.

His view of these matters may be inferred from what is already known of his military career, as well as from such a passage as this: 'For me, the Army is not only an historical, social, national phenomenon, but nearly the whole of my life, in which lie many memories, precious and not to be forgotten, in which all is bound up and interlaced into one general mass of swiftly passing days of sadness and of joy, in which there are hundreds of cherished graves, of buried dreams, and unextinguishable faith. The Army should be approached cautiously. . . . ' That they meddled with the Army, not cautiously but with fatal violence, constitutes the General's chief grievance against his political enemies.

[*Times*]

THE publication of an English version of this book will assist readers in this country to form a

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more accurate opinion of General Denikin than has hitherto been generally the case. They will find that he is no black reactionary or brutal martinet, but a very human, observant, and capable soldier.

The son of a conscript serf who rose to officer's rank, he has been a soldier all his life; his interests are bound up with those of the army; and it is natural that this book should deal almost wholly with the coming of the Revolution to the front and the gradual disintegration of the Russian forces in the slowly rising flood of anarchy that engulfed the country.

General Denikin does not blame the Revolution for what happened — like all practical Russians, he knew that it was inevitable; and for him, as for most other officers, the authority of the Duma was enough to persuade him that his duty lay in holding together the army and assisting the new order to establish itself. But he does condemn the leaders of the Revolution: the moderates among them were incompetent to withstand the pressure from below; while, of the Socialists, those who foresaw the danger of the army's breaking up were misled into thinking that the turbulent Petrograd garrison was typical of the army as a whole, while the others were only too glad to do anything that would hasten a separate peace with the enemy.

Yet, as General Denikin convincingly shows, the troops at the Front were better equipped in 1917 than they had ever been before, while their morale was little, if at all, worse than that of the other nations in the field. But with the triumph of the Revolution the Soviet leaders, some consciously, some through their illusions, undermined the authority of the Russian officers. With the relaxation of discipline, the fate of the army was sealed.

It is this side of the Revolution — the tragedy of the Russian officers — upon which General Denikin lays stress. He gives countless instances of the humiliations they suffered, and, as if despairing of bringing these home to the lay reader, he at last tries his hand at a story, the incidents of which are taken from life, depicting a typical day of a Russian officer in the 'democratized' army.

The officer finds his trench full of men lounging and playing cards; others are fraternizing with the Germans, who are taking careful notes of the disposition of the Russian lines. There is a meeting, at which Bolshevist speakers urge the troops to desert the lines. At dinner there is no bread for the officers' mess, a soldier official of the Soviet having forbidden its distribution. There is no longer any discipline, any army, any Front. And when the officer goes to his tent in the evening, the tentpole is knocked over and he is beaten by a mob of soldiers. It is no wonder that many Russian officers committed suicide rather than endure the disgrace of such a life.

RECOULY, RAYMOND. *Où en est l'Allemagne? Comment la faire payer?* Paris: Hachette, 1922.

[*L'Europe Nouvelle*]

M. RECOULY's book has the good qualities and the faults of a star reporter's book. Undoubtedly we find here notes and suggestions that reveal in the author a penetrating perception of the psychology of men and people. There are some brilliant interviews: Noske, Rathenau, Einstein; but one cannot help thinking how little, in spite of all his efforts, the author has been able to penetrate into the life of Germany itself. He has seen only a very superficial stratum of the German population.

It would be unjust to say that he has touched nothing but the cosmopolitan world of the 'palaces' and the Hotel Adlon, of the theatres and political and governmental circles, but after reading him, one scarcely gathers the impression that he has seen into the living conditions of the German workers.

Perhaps it is for this reason that M. Recouly has brought back from Germany such an optimistic impression of its political and economic equilibrium. In a way he has been dazzled by the industrial recovery. He believes that the feverish — some might say factitious — industrial activity of Germany is 'real and lasting.' Where is Germany, really? The future will tell how correctly M. Recouly has seen.

BLUNDEN, EDMUND. *The Shepherd and Other Poems of Peace and War.* London: R. Cobden-Sanderson, 1922. 6*s*.

['C.P.' in the *Manchester Guardian*]

The two years since Mr. Edmund Blunden published his first book of poems have seen a remarkable ripening, rounding, and perfecting of his work. He has shed those queer-sounding, queer-looking words which, though perhaps springing from the soil they were used to describe, had the effect only of excrescences in the description. . . .

The new volume, too, shows a greater variety of mood within Mr. Blunden's range, — which in a purely pastoral poet is naturally limited, — and a corresponding variety of form. Though there is melancholy in these poems, as if after the war nothing, not even the countryside, could ever be the same again, it is not a mastering melancholy, rather a mellowing one; and it gives place at times to a flash of fantasy like 'The Giant Puffball.'

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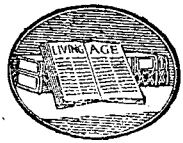

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